New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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No Cheers for Democracy

It has been a disastrous year for democracy, indeed for human freedom in all its forms. Within the Communist world, we have watched the progressive erosion of the hopeful gains made in 1956, culminating in the ignoble persecution of Boris Pasternak, and the emergence, in China, of a type of uniform fanaticism and spiritual intolerance for which it would be hard to find any historical parallel. In Ceylon, Pakistan and the Sudan, the democratic institutions bequeathed by Britain have been suspended and authority is now exercised by the army and police. The Baghdad political trials, conducted in an atmosphere of contemptuous frivolity, provide tragic proof that the new popular regime has no more respect for independence of thought than its predecessor. In Argentina, the post-Peronist parliamentary democracy seems in imminent danger of collapse. Finally, from France comes the most serious news of all. Frightened by the successful May *coup* in Algiers, mesmerised by M Soustelle's state propaganda machine, abdicating their civic responsibilities to the universal panacea of de Gaulle, the French have voted into power, for the first time since 1871, an anti-parliamentary Assembly.

It would be foolish to disguise the magnitude of the Left's defeat. Although the working of the new electoral system and some blatant gerrymandering cost the left-wing parties —and in particular the Communists—many scores of seats, more than 60 per cent. of the total number of voters deliberately chose the Right. Even if the MRP decides to sit with the opposition, it will altogether number little over 100; and considerably over half the members of the majority parties are pledged to the suppression of basic freedoms at home and the ruthless prosecution of a colonial war abroad. Without exception, every liberal-minded deputy in the last Assembly has been defeated, the party hacks alone surviving on the Left; while those who have been returned include many who have defended torture and preached dictatorship. Those, like this journal, who predicted that de Gaulle would prove a Trojan Horse from which the Fascists would emerge to capture the citadel of French democracy, have seen their prophecies tragically fulfilled.

Indeed, the eclipse of the independent Left has been so complete that some of its supporters are attempting to argue that it may prove a blessing in disguise. The Right, they say, will now carry entire responsibility for the war, and for the ensuing calamities which, in the long run, the French nation will be brought to recognise. This seems the wishful thinking of despair. Even if Frenchmen are allowed another opportunity to express their views, it must be remembered that the public exercise of parliamentary opposition now lies entirely in the hands of M Mollet and the Communists. It is they – and not M Mendès-France or M Mitterrand —who will be the ultimate beneficiaries, if any, of the new Assembly's folly.

We live in a contracting world: the collapse of radical opinion in France strikes at social democracy everywhere. In repairing its defences, a heavy responsibility rests on the British Labour Party. It is more than a coincidence that, in the post-war years of Labour rule, democracy was extended to vast areas of the globe where it had never hitherto existed, and that, since the Conservatives returned to power, it has begun to contract with frightening speed. It is never easy to work a democratic system efficiently, even among a sophisticated and advanced people. Among the young nations of Asia and Africa, plunged abruptly from colonial tutelage into the possession of complex constitutional instruments which have evolved over hundreds of years, setbacks are almost inevitable unless the older democracies provide leadership and example. Both America, obsessed by the desire to construct anti-Communist satellites, and France, hopelessly entangled in her decaying colonial cocoon, have declined the role; Britain, too, has faltered in recent years, for what can we teach the world, when we have achieved the negation of government in Cyprus? Some of the lost ground may be recovered if Labour is returned to power; but not unless its leadership recognises that the construction of a tidy economic democracy in Britain is only half their task, and that Labour's responsibilities as the world leader of social democracy cannot be defined within the glossy covers of a pamphlet. You cannot sell faith; you can only inspire it.

Comments on the Week's News

Adenauer and Berlin

Dr Adenauer is determined to prevent the western powers from making any positive response to the Krushchev proposals. The alarm in Bonn when Mr Dulles implied that the West might deal with East German officials as 'agents' of the Russians was one proof of this negative attitude. But Adenauer's statement on Tuesday goes much further. Disregarding the fact that Bonn and Moscow have made tentative diplomatic exchanges about a German peace treaty, he now insists that such a treaty is out of the question so long as Germany's eastern frontier remains 'unsettled'. This is the first time that Bonn has raised the difficult matter of the eastern territories for many months – and, on this occasion, Adenauer has come back to the dispute about the Oder-Neisse line at the moment when Krushchev has specifically declared that it will be maintained, by force if necessary. Adenauer seems to have two motives for this intervention. The first is general: Bonn must stake out its claims before any negotiations about a European settlement begin. The second is immediate and local. On Sunday, in the elections in West Berlin, the SED (the East German Communist Party) is putting up candidates. No one expects them to win many votes, but by dragging in the issue of the 'lost territories' Adenauer no doubt hopes to overwhelm them.

Aly Khan to the Rescue

No one expected the UN debate on Cyprus to achieve very much. Yet the atmosphere which developed during the debate might have allowed some progress to be made, had the government made the slightest attempt to exploit it. The Greek presentation was moderate, and the leading Afro-Asian nations were clearly prepared to forgo the opportunity to use Cyprus simply as an anti-colonialist stick to beat the British, in favour of a genuine effort to seek a solution. The widely backed Indian motion was unobjectionable in tone, and the only point of substance in which it went further than official British policy was in requesting that Britain undertake to preserve the 'integrity' of the island. Since the government has repeatedly declared its intention to prevent partition if possible, it is astonishing that Commander Noble refused to accept the motion as it stood. Instead, he rejected it on the illogical grounds that it might prejudice a final solution and frustrate Britain's efforts to get an interim one. This will undoubtedly confirm Greek suspicions that the government is determined to frustrate attempts to get an agreement until conditions on the island deteriorate to the point where partition becomes inevitable. No wonder that virtually the only delegate who could be persuaded to speak on behalf of the British case was that well-known international traveller, Aly Khan. This is doubtless what Trollope meant when he wrote of 'Mayfair coming to the rescue of Whitehall'.

Some Progress at Geneva

On Monday, after four weeks of sparring over the agenda, the Geneva conference to ban nuclear tests finally got down to drafting a treaty. There seems to have been at least one significant Soviet concession. In its original version, the Soviet draft treaty was clearly unsatisfactory since it provided for a control system only in the vaguest terms; moreover, it was effectively divided into two parts – a treaty to ban tests, and a protocol to set up a control organisation, and the Soviet delegation insisted that agreement should be reached on the first before moving on to the second. The western delegations, on the other hand, insist (1) that the control clause or clauses must embody detailed and technical provisions on the basis of the control system agreed by the August scientists' conference; and (2) that the agreement to suspend tests and to set up a control system must be contractually linked in the first clause of the treaty. Last Saturday, the Russians submitted a revised draft, which appears to meet the second western objection, and as a result of this concession, the conference was able to get down to its real work: marrying the new Soviet draft with the much more detailed US draft. On the question of control less progress has been made, though the Soviet replies to a series of 13 questions put to them by the British delegation on how they envisage a control system would work were not altogether discouraging. The drafting is clearly going to take a long time; but there is now more optimism at Geneva.

Panlibhon

The token boycott organised by the International Transport Workers Federation of ships flying Panlibhon flags of convenience has not been more than a qualified success. It has served as an effective demonstration of the possibilities and limitations of international strike action: it has not inflicted any significant damage on the shipowners involved. Despite the employers' successful use of legal process to intimidate the Dutch and West German unions, and despite the black-leg attitude of the Italians (who announced themselves as 'glad to unload anything that came along'), the degree of joint action which did take place was impressive: next time plans will be more carefully laid and a better turn-out may be expected. As far as this country is concerned, the shipowners, whose commercial interests have been gravely threatened by flags of convenience, are more or less behind the unions in their efforts to win agreements from the 'rogue' companies. Indeed, it has been ironical this week to observe the *Daily Telegraph* giving editorial support (however cautious) to a strike. There are, in fact, two obvious reasons for the decision to fly a Panlibhon flag – the first to avoid the levels of taxation pertaining in the traditional maritime countries, especially Britain; the second to economise at the expense of the crews. It is fair to observe that very many of the companies flying flags of convenience are concerned only with the first of these purposes; and some lines which have so far refused union agreements offer their crews conditions which are not bettered on most unionised ships. The unity of interest in this country between the shipowners and the shipping unions is thus partly artificial. The British companies find it hard to compete against rivals which pay only, say, Liberian rates of tax and they are thus glad to use the union campaign against flags of convenience as a lever on the government to force it to reduce rates of taxation. Those Panlibhon shipowners who are already good employers might be smart to settle quickly with the unions and thus remove from their British rivals one good propaganda weapon.

False Witness

The trial of Jomo Kenyatta has always held an element of mystery. It was conducted far from Nairobi where close scrutiny of its surrounding circumstances was not easy, and it took place at a time of extreme tension in Kenya. Most Africans believe it to have been rigged, and many Europeans consider that Kenyatta was not guilty at least of the offences with which he was actually charged. Now comes Rawson Macharia, an important prosecution witness at the trial, with the allegation that his evidence was false and that he was bribed by the Kenya authorities to give it. He claims that other witnesses were also bribed. This is a challenge to the government of Kenya which requires immediate investigation. If Macharia's allegations are untrue, they must be refuted as quickly and convincingly as possible. If they are true, the only way in which some shreds of Britain's good repute in Kenya can be saved is by showing ourselves as ruthless in stamping out our own offences as we are those we suspect in others. In this connection it is important that parliament should press for a formal judicial inquiry: no investigation conducted under the auspices of either the Colonial Office or the Kenya government will any longer be accepted as adequate. Indeed, the incidents in which first malpractice and then deliberate deception have been credibly alleged against Kenya officials have now become so many that this case may prove a blessing. It is at least a specific charge, with a witness who is prepared to give evidence in public, against which the truthfulness of one group of Kenya officials can be tested on oath and subject to all the rigours of judicial scrutiny.

Tory Nationalisation

One of the advantages of nationalisation ought to be that a nationalised industry could, if necessary, be conducted at a loss to give the public adequate service. But it is apparently the present government's view that, when the choice has to be made between financial self-sufficiency and adequacy of service, the service must give way. At any rate, the London Transport Executive has been compelled to reduce bus services to a point which brings them well below public needs at rush hours, and the deficiency would clearly be made still worse if the busmen's demand not to carry standing passengers were agreed. That is why the LTE has to reject this demand. That, however, leaves a dilemma – the busmen understandably refusing their co-operation in the working of the reduced services and the LTE refusing to modify the reductions. This has happened in spite of the fact that the buses are making a working profit, the Transport Commissions' losses being incurred on other branches of nationalised transport, especially the railways. Another nationalised industry – coal – is also in a difficulty owing

NEXT WEEK

Art Books

SIR PHILIP HENDY *on Henry Moore*
JOHN SUMMERSON · LAWRENCE GOWING
BENEDICT NICOLSON · JOHN BERGER

to government policy, and this week the National Coal Board has announced the imminent closure, beginning next year, of 36 high-cost pits. Obviously, in the long run, older pits are bound to be closed; but there must be due regard to the hardships involved, especially where alternative employment is not available and the closure threatens to destroy an established community. A reasonable balance must be kept between the economic advantages and the hardships; but this balance is destroyed when the National Coal Board is compelled to speed up the rate of closure regardless of the social consequences.

The Wolfenden Debate

The debate on the Wolfenden proposals was in some ways – the speeches of Mrs Mann and Mr Bellenger are two of them – an example of the House of Commons at its worst. Still it served to make two things clear. First, some MPs have radically changed their own minds since the Wolfenden Report was published. Secondly, the treatment of homosexual conduct is essentially one of those projects of law reform which, though their ultimate success is probably inevitable, may be positively retarded if its partisans are too importunate or persistent in the lobbying of MPs: the real work is to be done among their constituents. On homosexuality, the temper of the House – or rather its judgment of what constituents want – is at present unmistakable. With regard to prostitution there can now be little doubt (nor will there be much complaint) that the fines for soliciting will be sharply increased. The requirement of proof of annoyance, a dead letter now for many years, will probably be abolished; and as to the annoyance of residents in 'soliciting' neighbourhoods, this might now be held to be 'so self-evident that it is unnecessary to call any witness to say that he was annoyed' – words actually used by Lord Goddard, with the concurrence of two other judges on 24 April in a case of annoyance caused by the musical chimes of an ice-cream van. The Scottish system of repeated preliminary cautions might be a sufficient safeguard against the prosecution of unoffending women, while serving in court the same purpose as the much criticised phrase 'being a common prostitute.' But action on the prostitution question will have been forced by the condition of the streets rather than by the Report itself, which will remain as a challenge and a reproach to Parliament.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Sortez les Sortants!

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The big surprise in the second ballot of the elections was not so much the triumph of M. Soustelle's UNR as the unexpected debacle of M. Mollet's Socialists. They had been reasonably optimistic after the first ballot, where they increased their percentage vote, and some believed they would get 120 seats. But in the event, all Mollet's ministerial colleagues in the party were beaten, and its strength dropped to 40 – the lowest since the 1919 election. The victims came from all sections of the party: Gaston Defferre and Paul Ramadier, who campaigned for a 'Yes' vote in the referendum; Jules Moch and Albert Gazier, who opposed the new constitution; and 100 per cent. Mollet men like Robert Lacoste and Eugène Thomas. In Mollet's own constituency Gaullist voters were commanded to vote for him, and it is anyone's guess whether he owes his seat to the fidelity of his Socialist followers in Arras or to the party discipline of the Gaullist rank and file.

It is not difficult to point the moral of the Socialist collapse. The party has become too anti-Communist for CP electors, voting on the second ballot where their own candidate had withdrawn, to make any distinction between it and the bourgeois parties; while for right-wing voters it still remains, at any rate in theory, too much a doctrinaire party of the left. Hence the party, which expected to benefit from the new electoral law, became one of its principal victims. To be sure, the Communists suffered even more; but they were prepared for this: they had denounced the new electoral system all along as a fraud, and the discrepancy between their total vote and their seats is so enormous that for most independent-minded people their case is now proved up to the hilt. The Socialists can expect no such popular sympathy, for they played an important role in devising the new law.

The mood of the voters seems to have been a single-minded determination to follow Pierre Poujade's old slogan, *Sortez les Sortants!* (including the Poujadists). Of 544 members of the old Assembly, only 146 survived, and those who fell included not only moderate men of the centre, like Edgar Faure and Paul Bacon, but fanatics of the right, like André Morice and even Maître Tixier-Vignancour; they were thrown out indiscriminately – simply because they had been in before. The opposition, not including the MRP, will number only 63, far less than in the 1919 Chamber, *'le bleu horizon'* – rated the most reactionary of the century. What is more, the 1919 Chamber did not include the solid block of political troglodytes from Algeria. No comment is needed on the Algerian elections, which went according to the army's plan; but it should be noted that where there appeared to be a genuine choice between lists of varying shades of extremism, it was the ultras who were 'elected'. In Algiers, for example, victory went to the list of Pierre Lagaillarde, the ex-paratroop officer, who summed up his programme succinctly: 'Only a dictatorship can save France, only integration can save Algeria. If, by 1 July, 1959, the new Assembly has not finally voted the complete integration of Algeria into metropolitan France, I shall resign'. This, then, is the type of man de Gaulle will have to work with in the Assembly which he has proclaimed to be 'the last hope of preserving France's parliamentary regime'.

Johannesburg

Must Britain Help Verwoerd?

James Fairbairn writes from Johannesburg: A political issue of considerable importance was raised this week when Alfred Hutchinson, an accused in South Africa's treason trials, was brought before a Dar es-Salaam magistrate on charges of illegal entry into Tanganyika. Hutchinson, who is a talented coloured journalist and writer, left South Africa secretly some weeks ago, before it became known that he had been included amongst the 61 treason accused who must now await the outcome of the trial of their 30 fellows before their own fate can be decided. Until he is called upon to appear in the treason special court, which may never happen, Hutchinson's only offence under South African law is that he left the country without an exit permit. This has, however, been made a criminal offence by the Nationalist government, unwilling to let its political opponents escape its clutches, and it is certain that, if Hutchinson were forced to return to the Union, the extremely severe maximum penalties would be imposed. It is here that the British authorities in Tanganyika – who are ultimately responsible to the United Nations as delegated trustees – have taken a peculiar responsibility on themselves in prosecuting Hutchinson, who can reasonably be described as a political refugee. With time, there will be an increasing flow of such people, mainly non-white, seeking refuge from Verwoerd's South Africa in British territories. Will the Tanganyika authorities be allowed to set the precedent of refusing – in Britain's name or, perhaps worse, in that of the United Nations – them entry?

Westminster

Fifty-Niners?

The two main parties leaped happily into battle, hurling their stock clichés at each other with all the abandon of schoolboys throwing stink bombs. One side denounced state monopoly as 'bureaucratic bumbledom' and pleaded for decentralisation. Trust the man on the spot, it said. The other side said that Whitehall knew best. It was all very much as usual – except that it was the Socialists who attacked state monopoly and the Tories who supported it.

The subject was the New Towns Bill, in which the government proposes to hand over the assets of the New Towns to a new central agency appointed by the Minister instead of to the local authorities elected by the inhabitants. This proposal is contrary to the expressed intention of the 1946 Act, which declared that once a new town had completed the first stage of its growth – that of 'planned immigration' – under a development corporation, its assets should pass to the local authority. It was also contrary to the policy declared at the time by the Conservative Party, whose spokesman had not only supported the Bill as a whole but had even moved strengthening amendments to ensure that objections by the Treasury should not be allowed to delay unduly the transfer of assets to the local authorities.

Yet here was Mr J. R. Bevins, that mild and normally painstaking Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Housing and Local Government, justifying the change of front on the very financial grounds which his party 12 years before had tried to cut from under the Treasury's feet. We must, said he, safeguard the taxpayer's investment.

As the opposition was convinced that the taxpayer's investment was in no danger now and would be in no danger when controlled by local authorities it began to sniff suspiciously. What could be behind the Tory Party's change of front? Could it be that the local councils in the new towns were all Labour? Or could it be that once the assets of the new towns had been taken over by a central agency, the Minister would direct some or all of them to be sold to private interests who could then make some nice pickings? The suspicions were all the keener because Mr Henry Brooke was the minister in charge of the Bill and Brooke has had charge of so many bills which the

opposition considered disreputable that the mere sight of him at the box sends Labour members out to dial 999.

So when Bevins failed to show in what way the situation in 1946, when his party supported the local authorities, had changed in 1958, when it opposed them, Mr G. R. Mitchison put aside his normal kindliness, ruffled the feathers of his neck like a fighting turkey cock and ripped this 'undemocratic, unworthy' proposal to pieces. As the debate proceeded, his worst suspicions were confirmed. Speakers who in other debates had supported the block grant on the ground that it would give freedom of choice and more independence of Whitehall to those splendid bodies, the local authorities, said in this debate that local authorities were not fit for added responsibility. Mr Gough, the Member for Horsham – which includes the new town of Crawley – suggested that his council was as yet so irresponsible that it actually debated the H-bomb instead, presumably, of getting on with its proper business of keeping the Crawley public lavatories clean. Bevins and others went further and seemed to suggest that it was a bad thing even for a responsible local authority to own anything. Ownership and control do not mix, he said firmly, though in the present debate he did not extend this principle to private industry.

In view of such statements the opposition became convinced that the government really did intend to sell off public assets to private speculators and would try to ensure that in no circumstances would any assets be handed over to a local council if it happened to be Labour; and Mr James MacColl, winding up for the opposition argued the case for the local authorities so effectively and pointed these suspicions so sharply that even Brooke, the blandest stonewaller in the House, felt that some better explanation than the one given by Bevins had better be offered.

This new explanation was, broadly, that during the present phase of development all new towns faced a greater burden than a local authority in an established town and that until this phase was over special agencies were needed. This explanation had force, yet it deepened opposition suspicions for it was an argument, if anything, for extending the life of the existing corporations beyond what was originally intended, not for creating an entirely new body away from the new towns and based on Whitehall. So as Brooke, smiling with his mouth but not with his eyes, drily played out time, the opposition had a vision of a new Klondyke, with prospectors jamming the trails to Hemel Hempstead, Crawley and Peterlee to be ready for the moment when Brooke will say: 'Okay boys, its all yours. Stake your claims.'

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Sir Linton Hits the Jackpot

It begins to look as if there is a chance that Sir Linton Andrews will be canonised by Fleet Street after all – with Mr Hugh Cudlipp and Mr Herbert Gunn leading the anthems. In earlier days the relation between the *Daily Sketch* and the Press Council has been roughly equivalent to that which might have been expected to operate between Al Capone and a rookey cop on a Chicago beat. When Sir Linton has proposed to give Mr Gunn a ticket for cutting corners and generally knocking hell out of the traffic regulations Mr Gunn has broadly told Sir Linton to run away and play marbles and not get himself under the feet of real men. One way and another, in fact, the *Sketch* has shrugged off more Press Council reprimands (and more well justified ones) than any other paper in the Council's five years' history. And he has seldom paid Sir Linton and his colleagues the compliment of even bothering to answer their charges. As for the *Mirror* and the *Sunday Pictorial*, Mr Cudlipp and friends have never sought to disguise their contempt for what their chairman, Mr Cecil King, has publicly described as 'that absurd body'.

How different now is the scene. On its fifth birthday the Press Council has hit the popularity jackpot. The Council's fifth annual report this week rated a whole page in the *Daily Sketch* and a five-column box across the middle spread in the *Daily Mirror*. It also got the best part of a column in the *Daily Express* and nearly as much in the *Mail*. It is rarely, however, possible to attract the same size bouquets from both sides of the House. Such raptures as Sir Linton's latest emission stirred in the breast of Sir William Haley, normally one of the Press Council's most benevolent cheerers-on, seem on this occasion to have been well under control. The prose that won a page in the *Daily Sketch* got no more than well under half a column low down on an early page in *The Times*. And even less than that in Lord Camrose's *Daily Telegraph*, which donated it under a third of a column even lower down on an even lower page. You cannot please all the newspapers all the time.

The trouble is that the Press Council decided to celebrate its fifth birthday by praising the popular press. And when Sir Linton and his colleagues decide to praise they show themselves no mean hands at slinging compliments. Written in a prose normally reserved for the leader columns of the *Yorkshire Post* on a big day, the report proclaims the press to be the watchdog of the public and declares in stirring tones that 'to wrench from it these powers of investigation which have made it so good a watchdog of the public safety' might 'well be a danger to the public'. These are not sentiments likely to provoke much censure in Fleet Street – though they are less popular in Farringdon Road: 'Whitewash Poured Over Scandal Sheets' was the *Daily Worker's* headline. More important, perhaps, is how far they are likely to carry conviction with the reading public.

Newspaper readers these days tend, I find, to be cynical animals. Sir Linton Andrews and his colleagues are unlikely to get much of a handclap from the more select and opinionated addicts of newsprint for their latest report. Yet – though I wish they could control their corporate voice a little better, for it always comes out several notes too high whether in praise or blame – the members of the Press Council seem to me to be on the right side on this occasion. It is difficult to control a gulp or two when, dealing with accusations of pornography, they pronounce magisterially: 'The Council makes a distinction (as it has done in some of its decisions) between reports with a sex element that might excite imitation of wrong doing and those likely to meet a healthy curiosity about mysteries of human existence going down to the very roots of life'. But by and large it is undoubtedly right in its conclusions that most of the more vehement charges against the press have no great foundation. It is even more correct, I think, in its view that most of the wilder charges of 'intrusion' into private lives simply do not stand up to careful examination.

The evidence of many of the charges the Council has examined seem indeed almost wholly to support the opinion expressed in the chairman's introduction to the report that 'many of the would-be reformers of the press are in need of the curbs they propose for others, since they themselves are guilty of the offences they allege – wild exaggeration, distortion of the truth, and the unproved assumption that they speak for the nation'. There were a number of grave charges of 'intrusion' and the rest launched against the popular press during the year under review – usually without any discrimination of any kind and usually with the benefit of a good deal of publicity in the columns of *The Times* and the pulpits of the higher clergy. In fact, as the Press Council's report shows, few if any of the specific charges made on particular occasions were found justified.

Long ago the late A. P. Wadsworth, when editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, pointed out that the slow rise of the popular press in Britain was to be explained by 'the conviction of the influential classes that the lower orders were not to be trusted' and that newspapers should be kept from them. Now that this is no longer possible, this conviction only too frequently finds its expression in the attempt at a blanket denigration of all those newspapers which commit the unpardonable sin of being popular with large masses of people. Though the Press Council has other, no less important, functions, it performs a useful one when it asks for evidence that the fashionable Establishment charge is true.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Berlin Offensive

MOST people in the west have quickly dismissed Krushchev's proposals for Berlin as a new piece of mischief-making which must be met by a show of strength. Just as Stalin was forced to call off the blockade, it is argued, so Krushchev can be induced to withdraw his demand for the evacuation of western troops from the city. It is 'unacceptable', 'intolerable', 'unbearable' – all strong phrases minted within a few hours of the publication of the Soviet note – and the implication is that it will remain so during the six months that Krushchev has proposed as a limit for negotiation.

The attitude of the West is quite simple. America and Britain believe that they cannot be forced to give up West Berlin without war, and they are convinced that Krushchev will not make war to get them out. They therefore propose to stand pat, to cope with any administrative crises or difficulties on the supply routes that the Russians or East Germans may provoke, and to pursue the same German policy that they have been following for the last ten years. They have, in short, served notice on Krushchev that they are satisfied with the present arrangements and that he upsets them at his peril.

This attitude surrenders the initiative to Krushchev, and commits the West to a position that is both inflexible and vulnerable. Even if, in this instance, it led to a temporary success, it would not lessen the tensions caused by the division of Germany, or offer any hope of solving the dangerous problem of Berlin. The situation would remain as it is, and some day there would be another crisis. That is exactly what happened after the blockade was lifted: the West, which did no more than maintain the *status quo*, merely put off the issue and let almost ten years pass without making one constructive suggestion for dealing with it. Of course, the strongest argument for doing nothing is that, for these ten years, inaction has been a viable policy. It is so no longer because, in conditions that have become much more favourable to the Russians, Krushchev has decided to reopen the German question. That is the difference.

If, therefore, the western powers now find themselves on the defensive, it is because they have wasted the last decade. They have regarded any negotiation of any kind about Germany as an undesirable game in which the Russians can play one propaganda card after another – unity, withdrawal of foreign troops, neutrality, disengagement – without conceding anything in return. Having spent ten years rebuilding and rearming the Federal Republic, and then integrating it in Nato, the US and Britain are not prepared to trade that tangible achievement for anything short of the liquidation of the Ulbricht regime.

This, indeed, is the hinge upon which all argument about the German question, or disarmament, has turned in recent years. No progress can be made on these matters because the West believes that any alternative, whatever its superficial advantages, may prove to be worse than the present uneasy situation. That might be true if the situation were in fact stable. But it is not. The balance of power, both in strategic and economic terms, is changing – and in favour of the Communists. In dealing with Krushchev in 1958, the West is in a far less favourable position than it was when it forced a showdown with Stalin in 1949.

Krushchev knows this: it explains why he does not seem disposed to have an East-West conference merely to go over the old ground of 'reunification on the basis of free elections'. But there is another factor in the situation, which has led him to put Germany on the agenda. That is the impending nuclear armament of the Federal Republic. After Senator Humphrey had talked to Soviet delegates in Geneva he made precisely this point, and it seems to have come up again in his interview with Krushchev. The Soviet leader had already said as much to Mr Walter Lippmann a few weeks ago, when he made it clear that he was seriously disturbed by the growing military strength of West Germany, that he was unwilling to let the German situation drift along indefinitely, and that he intended to reopen the whole question of German unity, neutrality and disengagement in central Europe. That is what he has done, and the specific proposals for Berlin are designed to open that question at the point where there is most contact and, potentially, most friction.

That is why it is foolish to discuss the Berlin situation in isolation, as if it is merely a matter of finding ways and means of 'backing up' the people of West Berlin, or of avoiding formal recognition of the East Germans. That may have been the issue when Stalin blockaded the city. But Krushchev is aiming at a much bigger objective: the Berlin crisis is the opening phase of a full-scale political offensive in which the Russians are seeking to break the mould into which central Europe has been frozen by the cold war.

That point should be evident to anyone who reads the Soviet Note with care, or looks at the supporting press comments in eastern Europe. Both these sources bear all the marks of an important turn in policy – as significant, perhaps, as the decisions to neutralise Austria and to come to terms with Tito in 1955. Yet, by concentrating on the narrow issue of Berlin, and by suggesting that this is no more than a repetition of Stalin's tactic of making trouble at sensitive points on the periphery of western defence, the West has obscured this point.

If this analysis is correct, then the West will be forced to think again. This does not mean that it will have to accept any or all of the Krushchev proposals as they stand. There are strong arguments against withdrawing western troops except as part of a wider European settlement; it may be that the 'adoption' of Berlin by the United Nations would not offer adequate safeguards; without some agreement about the future of Germany, there may be genuine objections to any formal recognition of the Pankow regime. But Krushchev himself has been careful to emphasise that these are tentative suggestions, open to negotiation. It would have been easy for him to present the West with unvariable terms, without any choice of alternatives, if his aim had been simply to alter the position in Berlin alone, and if he had been prepared to run the risks involved. True, he has put a time-limit; true, he is using the Berlin problem – the one place where his actions cannot be ignored by the West – as proof he means business. But his larger purpose has been defined, and it is to this that Washington and London have to address themselves in the interval allowed for reflection.

There is no difficulty in discerning the objective. It is stated in terms. First, German unity is to be secured by a confederation of the two states, with Berlin as a common, if nominal, capital.

Secondly, both states shall be neutralised: as a first step, before Bonn leaves Nato and Pankow withdraws from the Warsaw Pact, both parts of Germany must foreswear nuclear weapons and the use of their territory by 'foreign' armies. Thirdly, there must be a 'relaxation of tension' in central Europe by some measure of disengagement, on the Rapacki model. Finally, this settlement shall be formalised in a German peace treaty.

Much of this is familar Soviet policy, to which the West has again and again stated its objections. But those objections do not dispose of the fact that it is at least a design for a settlement whereas the West has conspicuously failed to produce anything that begins to look like a plan. It will neither make a serious effort to consider what the Russians propose, nor propose anything of its own, because it is obsessed with the idea that a settlement is a bad thing in itself. That obsession is now Krushchev's best propaganda weapon.

Australian Diary

On my way East I noticed once again how Asian countries are flooded with Communist propaganda. The same may be said, to a less extent, of newly awakened Africa and Middle East. This propaganda is of two kinds. It consists of leaflets and books offered at nominal prices by the Russians, Chinese – and Americans. Soviet and Chinese literature is stacked on every bookstall side by side with such magazines as *Time and Life, Readers' Digest, Newsweek* and other American glossies. These too are offered at prices which even the poor can pay. No doubt Americans imagine that their literature counteracts Communist doctrine. In fact, it confirms it. Here is all the boastful arrogance with which western capitalism is credited; here is the proof of the colour bar and the struggle against the under-privileged in Little Rock, Africa and Cyprus; here, above all, is visual evidence of capitalist plenty in a world of poverty. No propaganda could be more effective than the splendid, coloured adverts of what the rich can buy and what the newly awakened Asian and African poor desires. The proletariat is no longer inside the industrial west, but in India, Indonesia and Egypt. Marx was perhaps wrong about the rich growing richer and the poor poorer in Britain and America; but how right he was if the proletariat is in ex-colonial countries! The unsubsidised literature of Socialists who work for a peaceful solution of the class war (which is now the colour war) is scarcely to be found in the bookshops frequented by the newly literate and politically-conscious proletariat.

* * *

I left Australia on the eve of the elections. That was no grief, since the contest was without lustre and the conclusion was foregone. Menzies is, in effect, dictator and there seems no way of shaking him. He only looks like a giant because most of his colleagues and opponents are dwarfs. Dr Evatt, the other outstanding figure, is oddly erratic; he has not lived down his Molotov gaffe; his main policy speech contained good points, but was void, as all the election seemed to be, of any constructive philosophy. He made the mistake of attempting a six weeks' intensive electoral tour throughout the country, and won some sympathy by becoming really ill half-way through. His chief interest has always been in foreign affairs; his great moment, as I recall well, was at the San Francisco Conference in 1945. He now uses a UN formula as a solution for all problems. He wants Australia to recognise China, in contrast to the slavish subservience to Dulles displayed by Menzies and Casey. But also in contrast to Menzies, he is a poor speaker and he gives the impression of a man who has grown desperate because thwarted of power. However, it is not Evatt's fault that Menzies has things all his own way. That is due to the existence of the Democratic Labour Party, offspring of Mr Santamaria and the aged Archbishop of Victoria. Its origin was the Catholic 'Movement' which fought the Communists in the trade unions and could have controlled the Labour Party if it had been less fanatical. But Dr Evatt, himself accused of having tried to reach a compromise with Santamaria, was finally forced openly to expose the tactics and purpose of the Movement, with the result that the DLP broke away from the Australian Labour Party, thus neatly splitting the Catholic vote between the ALP and the DLP. (Out of the 28 per cent. Catholic vote, perhaps 3 per cent. vote for the Liberals.) As a separate party the DLP could do no more than make it certain that the Liberal Party would win. It won no seats for itself but made Dr Evatt's task hopeless. So arrogantly sure of victory was Mr Menzies that he did nothing more than boast of Australian prosperity under his guidance and prophesy disaster if the ALP should win. He added his usual smear of Communism. In a still prosperous Australia that was all the propaganda Mr Menzies needed for victory.

* * *

I did not find that the Menzies dictatorship was at all popular with thoughtful people, but they lack hope of an alternative and have no organs of expression. There is no Labour daily and, apart from the *News*, Adelaide's evening paper, and one or two small papers in towns like Newcastle, there are few that can be called 'independent'. In Melbourne, second only to Sydney in size and importance, the *Herald* has no competitor except the very conservative *Age*, and now has controlling voice in three television stations. Sydney has two big newspapers which quarrel violently as commercial rivals, but not seriously as organs of opinion. The *Sydney Morning Herald* traditionally attacks Mr Menzies. But its criticism is extremely helpful to the premier, since its policy is to balance mild censure of the Liberals with far more severe attacks on their opponents. The net result is effective support for the Liberals. Everywhere I went I was met by small groups of thoughtful people who were utterly dismayed by the lack of any serious attempt to present to them the realities of the world situation. They complained bitterly of the press monopoly. They find a little, but only a very little, comfort in the official ABC (whose position is similar to that of our BBC). They tell a long, unhappy story of unsuccessful efforts to build a critical periodical press. The collapse of *The Voice of Australia* was tragic. Today there are two small bi-weeklies which may, in time, establish themselves. The fortnightly *Observer* wears its conservatism with a difference but is unlikely ever to go far in criticism because it has behind it the finance of a great commercial newspaper interest in Sydney. From the left point of view, the *Nation* is a new and promising independent venture; excellent writers like Professor MacMahon Ball contribute to it. Whether it can stay the course financially remains to be seen. On the literary side the situation is a little better. *Meanjin* is a thoroughly competent periodical which receives some support from the Commonwealth Literary Fund and Mr McAuley, the Catholic poet, maintains a high standard in *Quadrant*. But none of this begins to meet the needs of a very substantial public which is well aware that Australia is still trying to live in cosy isolation from the main stream of world events.

'Voila! All that was wrong was "The System"!'

* * *

The central fact of Australia is that it is the size of Europe, but feeds not quite 10 million people. Her most optimistic champions do not prophesy in the foreseeable future a population of more than 20 millions. How, they ask privately, can white Australia remain white in face of Japan's 92 millions, China's 600 millions, India's 400 millions and Indonesia's 85 millions? And all these rising by prodigious and terrifying steps of geometrical progression? As one professor put it to me: 'White Australia is like sin. We all think it wrong, but we enjoy it'. Australia is rightly proud of her contribution to the Colombo Plan, and Asian students are many and apparently well pleased. But the basic question of Australia's relations with her neighbours is seldom openly discussed. That in the circumtances she should quarrel with her nearest neighbour, Indonesia, and support the Dutch in West Irian is unrealistic and dangerous. Of course there are experts in Canberra and elsewhere who study Asia and work with Asians, and there are wide-awake people who are fully alive to the fact that Australia is today a largely uninhabited white island which is geographically part of Asia. But that raises such monstrous problems that no politician dares to admit it.

* * *

On the plane to Asia I fell into conversation with a United Nations expert who had had much experience of 'economic aid'. He told me once again, but in vivid detail, how unwise much western aid has been and how often the simplest types of expertise were the most useful. In one backward area the food supply had been swiftly and enormously raised by persuading the peasants to kill three-quarters of their cattle and give all the food to the remaining quarter. We went on to talk of the Soviet appeal to backward countries, which is based not on temporarily raising their standard of living by loans or gifts, but by offering the types of aid which will enable them to become nationally strong and self-reliant. How

alive to this advantage the Communist world now is can be seen by their support of the coming African Conferences in Cairo and Accra. Even when the West does not attach 'strings' to its aid, it is chary of providing the power and the machinery which will make them independent. Against that has to be placed the growing fear, particularly in South-east Asia, and perhaps, too, in the Middle East, that accepting aid from Russia may prove even more dangerous to national independence. The Hungarian example has not been without effect. Most of the rest of Asia is now afraid of China. If Communist offers are still often accepted at their face value, it is because the West still offends anti-colonial sentiment. Because so little disinterested effort has been made to understand the real problems of 'aid', I particularly welcome the news that Barbara Ward has been appointed to make a comprehensive survey. Miss Ward has just the right qualifications for this job.

* * *

Robert Cecil was mortal after all. He was already an elder giant when I was a young man at Cambridge. I recall soon after the first world war the great debate in the Union in which the Duke of Northumberland defended a dying feudalism against Cecil's crusading internationalism. In the Thirties Cecil closely cooperated with the Communists, who shared his desire to use the League of Nations Union to create opinion for collective security in opposition to Chamberlain's policy of appeasement. It was a diamond-cut-diamond affair. The Communists thought they were exploiting Cecil; Cecil quite sure he was using the Communists. Occasionally I met him in private life. His mind was as sharp as it was supposed to be woolly. But then we were not talking about Church Establishment.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Three of my children went to approved schools for minor offences. Another was beginning to go the same way until I got a TV on the H.P.

The boy became good as gold. He started to go to church after watching services on television, and would not go out even when we wanted him to. Since the set went back because of non-payments – he has reverted to his old ways. – Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (L. Andrews.)

They agreed that the organisation should be open to all Teddy boys regardless of race, creed, or political beliefs – other than communism. – *Manchester Guardian*. (D. Lansdown.)

In contrast, a 22-ft luxury caravan is designed for four, has an extra maid's room off the kitchen and a special servant's entrance. – From *Sunday Times*. (W. Wylie.)

I had driven her about 163,000 miles with only two real breakdowns and she was carefully maintained in my own garage. But she has objected violently to her new owner and he has had trouble ever since he took her over.

I have always thought that cars have some kind of mechanical soul, and this makes me believe it more than ever. – Letter in *Evening Standard*. (F. Landsberg.)

He stopped short. 'I am afraid I cannot – indeed I must not – discuss any of my clients.

'Crystal-gazers, like doctors, have a code of ethics.' – *Sunday Pictorial*. (B. Ellis.)

What's in a Quire?

TWENTY-SIX has been a magic number in the newspaper trade for two centuries or more. Even today papers are bundled and sold in so-called quires of this unlikely number, although the dictionaries have insisted all along that no quire can decently contain more than twenty-four copies. The answer lies in the baker's dozen: a newsagent is traditionally entitled to every thirteenth copy free.

Each week, therefore, copies of the NEW STATESMAN are distributed in units of twenty-six; which causes some surprise among the uninitiated. During the short period when the paper was printed in France, the French suggested bundles of 100 copies. Imagine the Gallic shrugs when we asked for bundles of 104 instead! Our explanation that this had been a trade custom in England since before the French Revolution led only to polite insinuations that England was backward in the matter of revolutions.

Yet to anyone not blinded by decimal prejudice twenty-six is as good a number as any. It is, for instance, the number of presents a friend will receive if you send him a NEW STATESMAN Gift Subscription for Christmas this year. The cost is small: we will send the NEW STATESMAN to a *new reader* at any address in the world for an initial six months (26 issues) at the reduced rate of twelve shillings and sixpence—HALF the usual rate. Moreover, we will charge only thirty shillings for three such subscriptions, and at the rate of ten shillings per subscription in excess of three.

Recipients of these Gift Subscriptions (*who, so far as you know, should not already be buying the paper*) will be notified by us and informed of the name of the donor on a special gift card. (They are under no obligation to renew the subscription after the gift period expires.) All you have to do is to fill up the form below—as many names as you like—and send it to us with a remittance. We will do the rest. But please let us have your list *now*, so that first copies arrive during Christmas week.

Readers in North America who prefer to remit in dollars may do so direct to our London address below at the following rates: $2 per single Gift Subscription or $5 for three and pro rata for multiples of three.

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No Costs

In 1952 our legislators, in one of their recurrent fits of good housekeeping, turned out the cupboards of the criminal law, threw away a lot of old stuff, and rearranged the bottles in slightly more logical groups on the shelves. This is called consolidating. The biggest job done that year was the Magistrates' Courts Act; it was thoroughly done and it has been a boon. We also had an omnibus Customs and Excise Act, a Prison Act, and a Costs in Criminal Cases Act, in all of which matters the law was in urgent need of a spring clean. Of these, the last has merely perpetuated some bad principles, and it is now time to grumble at it.

The principle which should really be imported from the civil into the criminal law was restated 30 years ago by Lord Justice Greer: 'It is an indefensible thing that the man who wins a law case should have to pay anything at all. If he cannot get his costs out of the other side, they ought to be borne by the country.' The practice which, in fact, the criminal courts now follow is based on a pronouncement by Lord Goddard in the Court of Criminal Appeal on 24 March, 1952, when the new Act was just getting into operation. This has become known as the *Statement on Costs:*

> A defendant who is acquitted is not entitled as of right to costs. Costs are always in the discretion of the court, and every case should be considered by the court on its own merits. It would be quite wrong that costs should be awarded as of course to every defendant who is acquitted. In the opinion of the judges, the power to award costs to a defendant who has been acquitted will be appropriately exercised in cases where it is clear that a mistake has been made, or that there is no foundation for the charge.

Things might not be too bad if even this plan were consistently followed. But what is the authority for it? Lord Goddard broke new ground, so far as the courts are concerned, by an appeal to the parliamentary history of the Act. The award of costs, he said, 'should be reserved for exceptional cases, and every case should be considered by the Court on its merits. A reference to Hansard shows that this is in accordance with what the Attorney-General stated in parliament was the intention when the clause was carried in committee'

But there has always been an inflexible rule (is it now getting a little infirm?) that the intention of parliament must be sought in the words of the Act alone. Whatever may have been said in either House at any stage in its passage into law is wholly irrelevant when it comes before the judges for interpretation. The Costs in Criminal Cases Act says (as its predecessor did in 1908) that any kind of court dealing with an indictable offence 'may if the accused is acquitted order the payment out of local funds of the costs of the defence'. It does not say one word about 'merits of the case' or about 'not awarding costs as a matter of course'. Those words are a judicial gloss. I used to think they represented the feeling of the judges that some kinds of defendant, though acquitted, deserve to have got into trouble anyway, that some offences are so grave that the mere suspicion of them, attaching even to an innocent man, ought to leave some kind of mark *pour encourager les autres*, and that some punitive resources should therefore be available in addition to the one laid down by parliament (since the latter came into operation only when the man was convicted).

Most of these, I am now sure, are unworthy reflections. But a recent case at the Old Bailey suggests that the chance of recovering costs in a criminal case can at least depend, to some extent, on the nature of the charge itself. On 24 November the Costa Brava Wine Company was acquitted on an indictment, under the Merchandise Marks Acts, for 'applying the false trade description "Spanish Champagne" to twelve bottles of Spanish wine'. Mr Justice McNair ordered the prosecution to pay the whole of the costs, including those incurred at the magistrates' court. It is true that the prosecution was a private one, brought, that is to say, not by the Crown but by the wine trade in its own interests; but the judge said: 'I am not for a moment suggesting that this was not a proper prosecution to bring and a proper case for inquiry'

On the other hand in a recent case at London Sessions, when a group of well-known people were acquitted by a jury on an indictment for keeping a gaming house, these were precisely the reasons given by the judge for leaving them to pay their own costs, which were very high. And in *Reg v. MacKinnon and Others*, a recent sharepushing case, at the Old Bailey, a man discharged when the prosecution had run for seven days was awarded only half his costs after a long argument between the judge and counsel on both sides on the propriety of his getting any at all.

Let that suffice for indictable cases. In the vast field of summary offences, handled throughout in the magistrates' courts, the position as to costs has always been chaotic and haphazard in the extreme, and the Costs in Criminal Cases Act barely touches it. At about the time when Lord Justice Greer made the statement quoted earlier, two London magistrates made pronouncements on the same theme. In the first, Mr Ivan Snell, dismissing a charge of careless driving, ordered the police to pay the motorist's costs of £16 and said: 'The position of the Commissioner of Police is no different in law from that of a private individual. The Commissioner has brought this case and lost it. He is in the position of a private individual who has lost his case, and he will have to pay the costs.' This was very much what Lord Justice Greer had said. In the other case, Mr Barrington Ward took the opposite course and stated it as a general principle. 'I shall never give costs against the police', he said, 'unless there is some mishandling of the matter. The business of traffic control in this country could not be carried on at all if the police had constantly to worry over the danger of costs being given against the Commissioner if proceedings brought by them failed'

During the war it was an offence under the Control of Fuel Order to use your car for a journey served by a bus route. I was involved in the prosecution of an Epping man who was quite ready to plead guilty to having done this, but the magistrate wanted the case properly proved in case the motorist might be pleading guilty to something he hadn't done. This, he said, meant calling a bus inspector from London Transport to swear that there *was* a bus service on the route taken by the defendant in his car. No bus inspector had in fact been called, so the magistrate dismissed the summons. The police appealed about this to the High Court, and won – no order being made about the motorist's costs. He now had to be resummoned before the magistrate, allowed to plead guilty after all, and (as it happened) discharged. Sympathising with his anger about all this – he now faced a bill of £68 costs – I helped him compile a letter to his MP. This happened to be the Prime Minister. I never learned what Mr Churchill did, but I heard later that the magistrates paid the costs, which they might perhaps have been ordered to do in the very first place.

Magistrates trying non-indictable offences are now permitted by the Costs in Criminal Cases Act to award costs 'as between parties'. When they do, which is not often, the costs are paid by the losing side, not (as in indictable cases) out of the county rates. The difference in gravity between an indictable and a non-indictable offence is often so slight that this system bristles with anomalies. The payment of private witnesses called by the police often depends, too, on whether a convicted defendant pays up. Sometimes he never does, even going to prison in default. In that event the witnesses are lucky if the local police have a system of paying their witnesses in advance whatever the result of the case; but this involves some ingenious (though perfectly honest) juggling with police sports funds, benevolent funds, library funds – anything outside the purview of the government auditor, who cannot allow anything for the payment of such witnesses.

I do not understand why it all goes on: for 20 years I have been asking other people. Perhaps some day Lord Justice Greer's declaration, which could be quite simply enacted, will reach the ears of one of the standing law reform committees.

C. H. Rolph

Bulletin

'The population of 10,000,000 is composed of approximately 800,000 Europeans, mainly French. The local ones are Arabs, Berbers, Kabyles and Tuaregs.' (Account of Algeria in an information bulletin issued to passengers on the M.V. *Fairsea*)

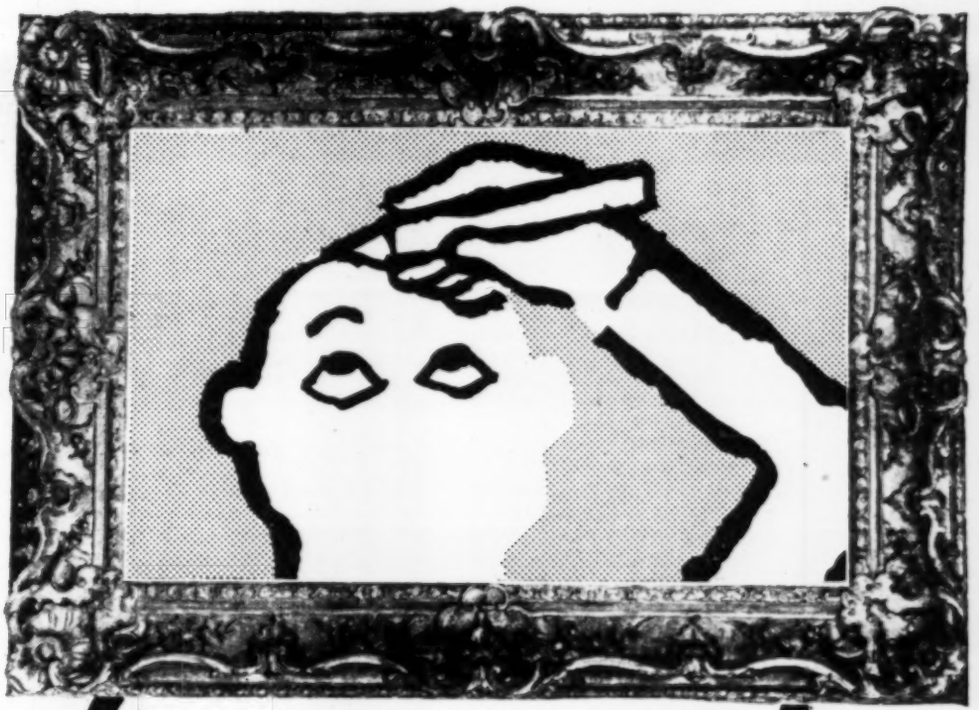
Ladies and Gentlemen, this is Great Britain.
The population
(So far as I can remember) is, at a rough approximation,
Some forty-five million, comprising
(Which you may find surprising)
One Eskimo, three Sea Dyaks, and a Hottentot,
Some Indians, Pakistanis, Chinese and a lot
Of chaps from Jamaica. The others are crude and sottish
Natives – Welsh, Northern Irish, English and Scottish –
Of whom we will make some passing mention
In case they escape your attention. . . .

Bits of this country are visible in favourable conditions
(Which are rare) on the starboard side. Its exports are inhibitions,
Neuroses, social failures and members of the Upper Classes,
Refugees from the independence of the masses.
Addicted to delectable and servile islands,
They also invented, in Kenya, the White Highlands;
And – wherever cheap labour is available –
They will mine, make or grow anything saleable.

The British climate is bleak, hostile and treacherous,
The natives uncouth, acquisitive and either puritanical or lecherous
(Or both). Their political life, under Paramount Chief MacFuddy-Duddy,
Is obscure, disingenuous, atavistic, primeval and muddy,
Based on anachronistic obsession
With imperial aggression.

Reginald Reynolds

(Reginald Reynolds is at present on a journey to Australia.)



can you picture yourself in, say, 9 years' time?

The men who come to Unilever under our management development scheme do not always have a very clear picture of what they want to do. Provided that this indecision is based on breadth rather than woolliness of mind, we welcome it. For we recognise that, as a man grows in experience, so his ambitions develop and may change course several times.

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The Motorways

At Preston, this week, Mr Macmillan has opened Britain's first motorway, an augury of the big changes planned for our road system in the next five years. The building of motorways has been proposed on and off for 50 years, but modern highways are still a novelty in this country. In parts of Europe, and even more so in America, however, they have become an integral part of the road system. California, for instance, which has almost one car per head of population compared to one per seven in England, spends £700,000 per day on its roads, and its freeway road system is as efficient as it is beautiful.

The idea of motorways in Britain was accepted by the post-war Labour government, which passed the Special Roads Act in 1949. At that time, only plans were made: it was only on 12 June 1956 that the first modern motorway scheme was inaugurated at Preston. It has taken two and a half years to build eight and a quarter miles of dual carriageway at a cost of £4 million – nearly £500,000 per mile. It has been completed six months behind schedule, and it has cost £1 million more than the original estimate. This can be explained by the extremely difficult terrain around Preston, and by the fact that no large contractor had experience of this type of road building. The lessons learned at Preston have resulted in a significant improvement in the time and cost of the next motorway, to be opened in October 1959. This is the 71-mile stretch, three lanes wide in each direction, between London and Birmingham, which will be completed in 19 months at an estimated cost of £300,000 per mile.

There are many fundamental differences between the design of a motorway and the many by-passes that have been constructed in recent years. The Preston motorway, for instance, has a large roundabout at each end: the only other access is at a clover-leaf type flyover half-way along. Elsewhere bridges, tunnels and foot bridges provide 19 crossings for local traffic, pedestrians, rivers and railways. The main criticism of this new road is that it is only two lanes wide in each direction although space has been left for a third lane. The Ministry admits that the road will be used to capacity, yet it is allowing the experienced team of management and workmen which built the road to be broken up as there is no fresh project for it to tackle. Common sense indicates that not only should the third lane be built immediately but something should be done about the northern end, where the traffic will be squeezed into a bottleneck at the village of Broughton. This, in the opinion of the Chief Constable of Lancashire, will within a few months create a chaotic traffic condition, with traffic blocks reaching back as far as six miles – thus reducing the value of the new motorway.

No maximum or minimum speed limits are being imposed, but since these roads are designed for high-speed travel one may wonder what is to be done to prevent 'motorways' from becoming 'murderways'. The success, and public acceptance, of this new road system depends on whether accidents increase or decline. During the past 11 years on the present 63-mile north-south route through Lancashire (which will eventually be completely replaced by the motorway) 7,000 people have been killed or injured. It is expected that the motorway will attract up to 20 per cent. more traffic, but foreign experience suggests that the accident rate should fall from the present 3.56 accidents per million vehicle miles to 0.4. This can happen here if everyone who uses a motorway exercises the greatest possible caution: for many motorists it will be the first time that they can use the full potential of their cars. Brakes, tyres and steering must match engines that can drive a car for hours at cruising speeds of 70 and over; bad drivers are likely to cause multiple accidents.

First of all the British driver must learn a new code of driving for motorways; its details were published last week, and the new rules will be issued free as a supplement to the Highway Code. Some of the most important of these, infringement of which can carry up to a £20 fine, are unnecessary stopping on the highway, reversing or trying to turn around except at authorised exits. Moreover, several types of road-user are banned from motorways – L-drivers, mopeds, pedal cycles, pedestrians, animals or slow-moving heavy loads. Lane discipline will be of vital importance and drivers will have to learn to use their mirrors and give way to faster cars. In a three-lane motorway one lane is for slow traffic, one for fast traffic and one for overtaking. If a car breaks down it must immediately be moved on to the hard shoulders, and for this reason motorways will have no curbs. Safety fences have been set back from the road, especially where there are dangerous embankments. The police have established a special motorway patrol to enforce and educate drivers about the new code. Excellent new signs of an improved type can be read a quarter of a mile away and the use of reflectors makes them equally clear at night.

When the London to Westmorland motorway is complete, it will be possible to drive almost the length of England without the risk of a head-on collision or seeing a pedestrian. Nor is safety all. There is also the matter of amenities. It is essential that our motorways be kept as clean and simple as possible. It is reported, I hope accurately, that the Minister intends to ban advertising hoardings; it has already been stated that the only buildings will be the official roadhouses-cum-petrol stations at approximately 12-mile intervals. Once again, one must hope that rumour is accurate in suggesting that drinks will be allowed only with meals. It would be a pity if one catering firm was allowed to run too many of these roadhouses, and I hope that the Minister will award the contracts in the first place to five or six different firms. Why should restaurants be 'tied' when the petrol stations will be 'untied' to any particular oil concern?

Though Mr Watkinson has made a start, the majority of our roads are still grossly inadequate, and there still seems to be no real overall plan to cater for the traffic of the future. In recent years there has been a seven per cent. increase each year in the number of vehicles on the road, and the recent relaxation of hire purchase might result in an even bigger increase in the coming years. More motorways must be built; and as they relieve the pressure on the old routes, many motorists may find these prettier and less tiring. The real gain, however, will accrue to industry, on which our present road system imposes heavy and totally wasteful costs. Time, petrol, and tyres cost a great deal of money when they are multiplied by a factor of millions.

Edward Montagu

Woman of Dinlock

Chorus after chorus of sentimental song washes over the tired, noisy Saturday night crowd in the single pub in Dinlock. A fat beautiful woman on a teeming bench along the wall chimes in, *Yes Sir That's My Baby*, loudest and clearest, knife-sharp. She's a bouncy, rouged baby, full of rage and fun and when she bursts into *Some Of These Days* the crowd of miners and their wives roars approval of her note-for-note imitation of Sophie Tucker. She needs little urging to heave herself onto the platform and take the microphone away from the piano man. We're all pretty tight by now. Sean, a face worker, and I stand up on our chairs and shout, 'Go, go, go!' And she does, her plangent voice arching truly. The pub shivers with whistles and table-pounding.

Hands on mike, she begins to sing slowly: *Don't know why. There's no sun up in the sky*, and the crowd quietens respectfully and there is very little talking. On the bench her miner-husband sits sullen and disapproving. A rock and roll trio of staggering young miners mount the platform but the fat woman refuses to give way. Her husband looks away steadfastly.

. . . *You're gonna miss me, Honey.* The miners and their wives try to join in, but the fat, red-cheeked woman is too much for them and their massed voices tumble raggedly after hers until she finishes in muscular and unruffled triumph. I whistle shrilly through my fingers and clasp my hands over my head in a boxer's salute, and she loudly kisses her fingers at me. Only then does she step down, half-drunk on applause, and squeezes back into place on the bench. She and another miner's wife spontaneously embrace, kissing each other in a flushed, exultant explosion. All the wives around throw back their heads and rip out defiant laughter. In hollow, nervous dignity, the husbands cheer. The other woman's husband reaches over to restrain his wife and is pushed off.

This Saturday night is over. The sly, chubby drummer pulls the mike over to him, and the audience joins in, 'Ow weederzane . . . ow weederzane . . .' our arms around each other, swaying, crooning, all of us. Time, gentlemen.

The next day I walk around alone. Dinlock on a grey Sunday afternoon is like a cemetery at dusk. A heavy quiet, unbroken by the chugging noises of the colliery, has settled on the mining village. All the houses look the same sodden wet colour, something between slate grey and Old England brown, the most dispiriting colour in the world. Why don't the local councils simply paint all the cottages black and have done with it? The streets, as always, are almost deserted.

'Hello there, Yank!' 'Bless me, Sophie Tucker . . .' 'That's my boy!' she roars with delighted laughter. I fall in step beside her, and we walk along the street, the fat be-rouged woman and me. She doesn't open with any of the usual Dinlock jive – how do I like the place, what part of America do I come from, etc. But immediately, without knowing who I am except that I am Sean's friend up from London, 'Queer bunch, ain't we?'

'Oh, I don't know,' I say.

'Oh yes you do know.' She belches a gargantuan laugh. 'Crackers, every man jack of us! You would be too if you had to live here.' We turn the corner into a smaller, tidier street.

'Now, I have two choices,' she announces. 'I can take you home with me. Or we can talk for a few minutes, just like this. If I take you home my husband – he's on haulage – will see his duty

As I see TI . . .

"The home is where all things start, and that is where I see TI", says Heinz Kurth, the German designer, asked to give his impressions of Tube Investments Limited.

Where the heart is . . .

Many housewives will agree with Heinz Kurth. Electric cookers with the fastest boiling plates, spin driers, water and space heaters—all under the familiar name of "Creda"—come from one TI company, as do switchgear. From others come Pel taper tube furniture; Phillips, Hercules, Norman and other bicycles and mopeds for the family; Drynamels decorative paints, vitreous enamel ovenware; Mersey electric cables; roller skates, Apollo sports goods; and parts for refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, pressure cookers, venetian blinds, roofing . . . Soon perhaps there may be a TI home: Metal Sections already designs and erects prefabricated buildings.

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as not to let you and me talk together. That's a custom here between men and women. Oh my, the customs here!' She holds her colossal sides and laughs and laughs. Behind us a curtain moves, a face peeks out, then hurriedly disappears. 'Next time she looks out,' she grins from ear to ear, 'I'll heave a brick through the glass . . . Uh uh. My man. In the garden up there. Seen us, he has. See, now he's going in. That's my signal to follow him. Well, in a few minutes.' We retreat back down the street to sit on a low stone wall.

'Did you enjoy yourself last night, love?' she asks. She does not have the northern accent, more London. When I ask she says, 'Ay, London. Heaven.' She glances at me sideways. 'Ay, you heard correct. Heaven. Wish to God I was there now.' She waves a hand in the general direction of everyone she knows in Dinlock. 'And if they knew what they was missing they'd feel the way I do. Poor wretches.'

I tell her that I enjoyed her singing at the pub. 'Ay, if I didn't sing I'd come apart. Twice a week at pub I get up and yowl like a butchered calf and believe it or not, honey, if it weren't for those two nights I wouldn't last the course.' She even talks like Sophie Tucker.

'Perhaps,' she goes on, 'you've noticed others can't. That little girl sitting next to me, the one the drummer was trying on for size. He does it every week, every week with a different woman, smiling that way. Last year me. He's not a bad sort, I suppose you can't really blame him, the way he travels round. I don't envy him his life. But Christ, I hope he doesn't envy ours. At least he can always leave. Like you. They tell me you'll be going down the pit tomorrow and good luck. You go down, you come up and you go away. That poor little girl sitting next to me, she has one night with the drummer man and it has to last her a year, maybe two. Before it happens again. Men are pigs. Present company,' she grins, 'excepted of course. Ay, I know how the men have been talking to you. You think it's so sweet and smooth waters and respectable. But you'll not be writing a blessed damn good thing if you listen to the line shot at you by Harold Bolton and John Cassidy and all the rest of those strutting little union emper-r-r-ors, I can tell you. Why don't you talk to some of the wives? Not as though they'd talk to you. What a place. Customs! The whole village. But where could I go? Man, kids, life. Make do, make do.' She turns on me fiercely.

'But don't you let Harold Bolton and those others shoot you a line. The people in this village are human, flesh and blood, they've got faults. Not married? Well, stay that way. It's like a life sentence, take it from me. Married 14 years and haven't had a week's decent kissing since. Man's all right, I don't hate him the way some women here do their husbands. But what kind of kissing can there be when your man is down in pit all day. I don't think I've ever seen him when he's not been tired. So tired he can't play with the kids. What kind of kissing can there be? Days he doesn't work, we fight. They say money doesn't bring happiness. Let them try me. Just let them try. So we get our kissing wherever we can. How long are you going to be in village? I'm only making a joke. I hope. Dinlock, it's like the army. If the men yearn for the army I wish they'd go already and leave us in peace.

'Peace. Look at it. The village. Quiet. Quiet and war. Quiet on the outside and war on the inside. It's not natural for a woman to go without kissing. So everybody gets their kissing from somebody else, somebody different, in the front door, out the back door, like games we used to play in school. Take my word for it, you've got to have a sense of humour to live in a place like this. Women married to husbands come up from pit too dead to know black from white, so they go to another man, surface worker if they're lucky. He isn't so tired, except that the face men are the best, and the tiredest, except maybe just a little less tired than your own man. Hardly a woman I know isn't going with another man, or hasn't done. Going from door to door of tired, tired men and come back to give tea to your own tired, tired, tired man. Oh that Harold Bolton, president of the union and all that, he'll charm your ears off. The bastard.' She catches my look and nods despairingly. 'That's right. . . .'

'Well,' she gets up from the stone wall and smooths her dress, 'coom on, luv, and Ah'll fix tha' up with a north-country tea. Luv, luv,' she parodies. 'Where to?' I ask. 'My home. Where else? Did you expect me to be taking you to the Dorchester? I used to work there. Come on, now. Don't be hanging back just because of the way I talk. There's barely a woman in village who couldn't—but won't—tell you the same as me, only busier perhaps. I'm only average. Your mate Sean said you were interested in meeting the average British people. Well, I'm an average British wife. Tea now.'

We stroll down the street, past some stares and to her home, a brown brick cottage sporting an oversize television antenna. Her husband is working in the garden. He gets up, a huge, raw-muscled miner with a stark, black moustache and dull, watchful eyes. She says, 'Peter, I want you to meet a friend of Sean's from the States, a writer. By the way, my name is Louise'. The moustachioed giant turns and leads the way in to tea. As he turns I see a ragged red scar splitting his cheek and running down his neck. Louise points to it. 'Happened a few years ago, three, four. NCB was testing a new kind of support. It didn't work.' She giggles unhappily and then quickly falls silent.

Even with Louise, it is a Dinlock house. The same small parlour with the ever-burning fire and drying clothes and the chips in the grate, two small armchairs, two stiff-backed wooden chairs, a small couch, a varnished table, yellow wallpaper with swimming green curleycues and a large-screen television set. The telly is on. Louise's two boys, ages 11 and seven, and a dour brawny neighbour woman are watching the set. 'We've both ITV and BBC', says Peter, the husband. 'Twice the curse', says Louise.

While Louise, Peter and I have tea at the table in the small, overheated room, the two boys and the neighbour woman sit unsmilingly through the final moments of 'I Married Joan'. Nobody makes a move to turn off the set. Peter shifts his bulk uneasily. 'Ay, and do ye lahk our village?' Louise's eye glints humorously as, without another word, she moves her chair around to study the telly. Peter fiddles with his tea. I fiddle with mine. He says, 'Funny woman, that Joan Davis of yours'. I nod and mumble. Simultaneously, we both shift our chairs around to watch how Joan Davis evens scores with her next-door neighbour for throwing dead leaves on the Davis back lawn. After several minutes of twitching double-takes and convulsive slap-stick, Joan walks into the enemy house for a heart-to-heart talk with the neighbour's wife. Joan points out that it is unneighbourly and, by gosh, un-American to bear grudges. The wife breaks down in tears. Joan puts her arm around the woman, who confesses that the feud was all the idea of her husband, who was angry over losing a case in Judge Davis's court. The story ends happily with Joan crashing into the side of a door. And in Louise's house we watch, without a jog of our eyelids, as the BBC news announcer comes on to announce that the Comet has just arrived in London after crossing the Atlantic in less than seven hours.

As far as I can tell, nobody's expression changes from Joan Davis to the news telecast to the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain. We all sit absolutely unflickering before the set. The neighbour woman turns in her chair and says glumly, 'There's a Hollywood film on ITV'. Louise's older boy gets up and is told sharply by his mother to sit down and listen. 'When there's something decent, Mick, you sit there and lump it!' Nobody looks very happy at this, including Louise. For ten minutes we listen to a Haydn symphony. The neighbour woman gets up and leaves. 'There, that did it,' says Louise. She switches to ITV, which is showing an old film in which Charles Boyer and Jean Arthur fall in love in Paris. But Jean is married to a cruel businessman, and the lovers must part, only to meet again in New York on the eve of Jean's return to Paris in order to save Charles from the guillotine.

Louise grimaces. 'Do you know how this ends? Sean says you used to work in Hollywood.' I tell her that it ends when Jean and her sadistic husband come in for a last dinner at a swank Manhattan restaurant. Charles, contrary to what Jean was led to believe by a husband who wanted to keep her at any cost, is not under sentence of death in Paris, but is the head-waiter of the restaurant. Jean laughs from sheer relief that she has re-discovered her one true love. But Charles thinks she is laughing at him. He is bitter. But later that evening Jean returns to tell him she laughed because she loves him and that in reality she herself is only a mannequin and not a rich heiress.

While I tell the story Peter looks on in a sort of amazed hostility. When I finish Louise looks at me and says, 'Is that what you did in Hollywood?' Things like that, I say. She gives me a look as if to say You ought to be ashamed, and switches back to BBC in time for the Brains Trust. 'Oh, no', says the younger boy. He gets up and looks at his mother. 'Okay,' she says, 'but take your mac.' Peter looks as if he'd like to go out, too.

One of the first questions on the programme is: 'If Britain were to be destroyed by an atomic war what three most representative things would you consider saving?' One of the brains, in a fury, refuses to reply. It should be everyone's job, he says, to struggle against the possibility of atomic war and not to engage in ghastly frivolities. 'What would you save, Peter?' asks Louise. Peter stirs his tea and looks down into it. 'Ah dunno. Fool question if you ask me.' Louise says, 'You know what I'd save? Me, me and me.'

When the Brains Trust is over it is time for me to go. Peter apologises. 'Sunday,' he explains, 'is not such a good time for the telly.' Louise takes me to the door, from which I can see the neighbour woman moodily surveying us. Peter follows. 'So ye're going down pit tomorrow.' I tell him yes. Like all prisons, Dinlock has a fast grapevine.

'So long, Louise,' and she and I shake hands. She looks sharply at her husband, who immediately does his duty by telling me how nice it was I dropped by. I walk to the gate. Louise runs after me. 'Yes, Louise?' She looks at me and once again tries her arch, lusty grin, but it emerges a little crooked. She makes a vague, helpless gesture. Then she turns back and goes into the house.

CLANCY SIGAL

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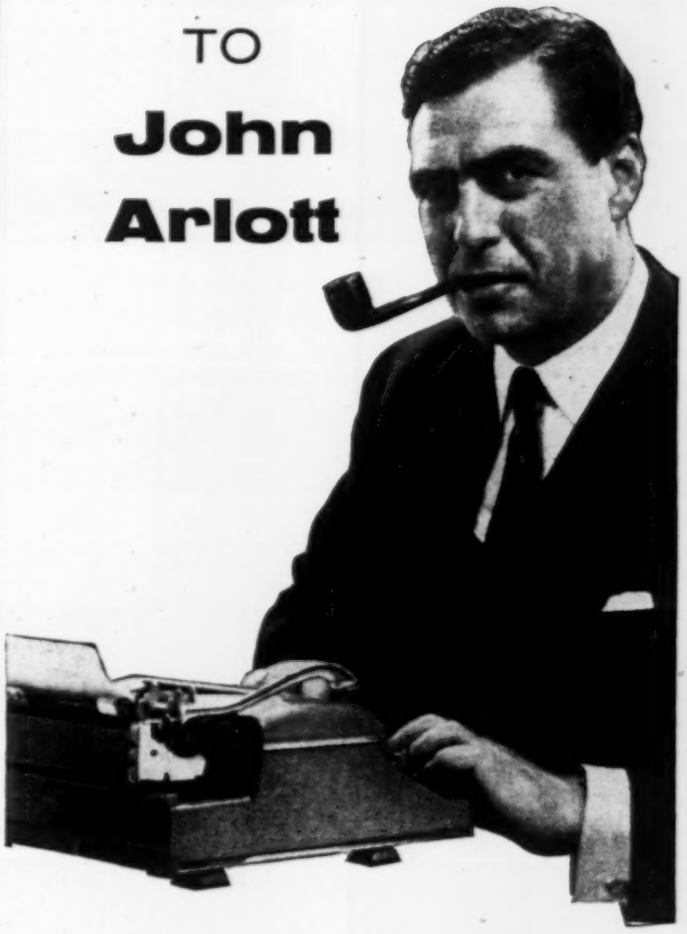

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The Arts and Entertainment

Unesco House

After Galileo, the next most subversive thought of Western Man was Walter Gropius's proposal that Unesco headquarters should *not* be in Paris. But it was only a tactic to call town-planning authorities to heel, the basic unimaginative decision remained. This choice of location was a masterstroke of mental inertia on the part of the Men of Goodwill and Cold Feet, and they have got the building that they deserved. The half-dozen-or-so best architects in the world (Gropius included) they had safely tied up in an advisory committee so they couldn't design, only delegate responsibility to a second team to lay out the building – a second team that shows evidence of massive lobbying in the choice of members.

The disparate talents of Marcel Breuer (USA), Bernard Zehrfuss (France) and Pierluigi Nervi, the romantic Italian engineer, were expected to collaborate as equals among themselves, with interior designers, painters, sculptors and gardeners. The diplomatic talents of Breuer, in particular, saved this dated dream of *Gesamtkunstwerk* from utter failure, but there is visible evidence of hard horse-trading behind the scenes. There was an initial sell-out to the *Beaux-Arts* planning prejudices of the local authority, resulting in the main façade becoming a bent plane that only pretends to honour the quadrant of the other half of the Place de Fontenoy. Behind the central curve of this face, a third leg runs back, giving the main, seven-storey mass a lazy-Y sort of plan, and trapped under the end of this leg is the *pas-perdus* leading to the congress block, which stands clear of the main structure, as does the annexe known as the *Bâtiment Saxe* on the other side.

Apart from the congress block, and the *portes-cochères* of the main building, there is no external evidence of Nervi's contribution; these show-pieces appear to have been given him as conscience-savers by the two architects, who elsewhere had to mess up his contribution pretty effectively. There is little to detain the visitor inside the big Y, an overcrowded office-warren. The modish splayed legs of the ground-floor structure (which make you feel like an incredible shrinking man under a *House and Garden* sideboard) only begin to register towards the back end of the back leg of this block, and, in general, the main interest of the scheme is all at this end.

The *pas-perdus* goes off to the right, and brings you to much the best interior space, the foyer of the congress halls. This occupies the space under the central low point of the pleated concrete butterfly roof, where it rests on a row of columns, and the halls lie on either side of it. Salle I occupies the whole of the right-hand half of the block, and the inner faces of the concrete pleats give it a stark *Caligari* quality that can, unfortunately, be killed by over-lighting.

The foyer is simply the space left over between the dead-wall of Salle I, with its storey-high overhangs, and a miscellany of walls and spaces, including another dead-wall, a balcony, a bar and a documentation centre on the other side, with slab-concrete balustrades to the stairs leading up to the balcony, and to a bridge that edges nervously across to the upper part of Salle I. Neither square nor anything else in plan or section, this foyer promises to become a first-class mess. It doesn't, because of three things. First, the effective dominance in every direction of coarse, bush-hammered concrete surfaces, on which the eye rests thankfully. Second, the columns, huge solids of linear transformation, circular at the base, rectangular at the roof, marching in a relentless file through the bustle and crowds on the floor, asserting structural order and heroic scale. Third, the Picasso mural.

Having no professional stake in Picasso's reputation, I can record my relief that this was not another piece of his political rhetoric, and my admiration for the magnificent way in which it functions on the end wall of the main space of the foyer. Picasso picked this site himself, the best in the building, and worked from a model of the interior, including the much-maligned bridge. The colours pick up, or set off, those of the surrounding surfaces, the forms are big enough to dominate the crowds and echo the scale of the columns, and – almost as a consequence of this – the iconography is sufficiently vacuous not to demand of the crowds an attention they aren't going to give it anyway. The bridge is put to work, as a mask that reveals successive layers of the composition as one approaches from the *pas-perdus*, and as a vantage point for high level views of the busier areas of the iconography.

This added art-work at least is visually and functionally related to the building – one cannot say as much for Miro's boring Guggenheim Prize ceramic murals, Moore's eroded dowager or Calder's droopy mobile on a base big enough to launch missiles. The only other place where added art-work has made a significant contribution is in Isamu Noguchi's 'Zen' garden on the other side of the back leg of the Y, under the shadow of the *Bâtiment Saxe*. This is in two parts, a sunken garden, and an upper terrace dotted with stone objects, some geometrically fine-hewn, others in a state of highly sophisticated nature, the abstract artefacts of the Thirties informed with a meaning that no Hepworth or Nicholson ever gave them.

The garden proper, surrounded by strip windows lighting basement work-rooms, is a heaving terrain-sculpture of mounds and pools, moss, grass, raked marble chips, ground-ivy, stepping stones, small conifers and stone 'lanterns'. How far this is really Zen, Japanese or only the fashionable ingenuity that has always marked Noguchi's work is hard to decipher – it is not even an absolute novelty in Paris, for there is, or was, a decidedly exquisite Zen garden at the side of the Japanese hostel in the *Cité Universitaire*. It is also overcrowded, but it strikes a note of freshness that isn't much to be found elsewhere, it unites the two buildings in a satisfactory and visually rewarding scene, and it plays up the superficial inter-cultural relevance of Zen in a witty manner – for instance, a double-curved surface in the centre of the garden has its paving-setts arranged in a pattern that recalls the abscissae of mathematical models.

Picasso, old, and Noguchi, unfamiliar, have managed to contribute something to the whole that the middle-aged and overfamiliar have failed to produce, in spite of the overall conception being phrased in their terms. The two artists who have had to pay greatest regard to functional and planning limitations, have succeeded far better than those who were able to luxuriate in the phoney freedom of open sites and isolated plinths. There seems to be a lesson here that one could read back through the whole building, only to find that it was known before work ever started – give a good man a definite job, a watertight briefing, and let him get on with it. Had this principle been honoured from the start, Unesco might yet have had one of the best post-war buildings in the world, instead of merely one of the best post-war buildings in Paris.

Reyner Banham

Tracts for the Times

The Edge, by Richard Dellar, was one of the unprinted runners-up for the *Observer* competition; but when I saw it the other night in an excellent all-round performance by the Guildford Repertory Company, it struck me as being much better than some which were printed. The author has a sense of dramatic construction, which is a sufficiently uncommon gift, and wit and style as well.

When the curtain goes up, the last of the refugees are straggling out of the city: the Bomb, it has been proclaimed, will be dropped that night. Four of the people we are to be introduced to have decided not to join the scramble. Life, as they have experienced it, does not seem to them worth the struggle for survival that it will now entail. They are a married couple who have lost three sons, two in the war and one, David, lately in Cyprus. These two are joined by David's fiancée and by a friend, their local rector, and presently by their nephew, who is going himself but has been delayed by engine trouble and comes to urge them to join him. Under the pressure of his insistence and with the weight of the catastrophe hanging over them, their surface reasons for choosing to stay are slowly stripped away and deeper and more valid ones discovered underneath. Mr Dellar handles his development with great skill. The play is always on the move and always interesting, and reveals in its author a talent very well worth fostering.

The Guildford company, still pursuing a progressive policy under Eric Longworth, are to be congratulated on giving it the showing it deserves, and a strong company headed by Brendan Barry, Edna Landor and Michael Ellison gave a very firm performance of it.

At the New Theatre there is Mr Ted Willis's play about a mixed marriage. This has no pretensions to being a deep or subtle study of the problem; Mr Willis is a documentary writer who has now mastered his craft, and puts his situation on the stage simply, effectively and interestingly. It used to be said that the working class on the English stage were only brought in as figures of fun. But lately they have been written up almost to the folksy level with a plethora of regional accent, argot and swear words. Mr Willis on the other hand – perhaps it is in the end the best thing about his play – takes his hardworking trade union official, wife and daughter absolutely quietly and naturally, with no undue emphasis.

The situation is laid out with something of the same unforced simplicity; Jacko, the trade unionist, played with a quiet bull-headed power by John Slater, is emphatic in his conviction on the subject of the colour bar in the factory: the best man for the job is entitled to the job irrespective of his colour. And then slowly Mr Willis winds up his tension. Jacko's daughter has fallen in love with a coloured boy and intends to marry him. Her mother is horrified and, in a fine piece of acting from Miss Joan Miller, lets go in a hysterical outburst coming from the very guts of instinctive revulsion.

So far Mr Willis's very decided gift for work-

December

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ing the common detail of everyday life into a compelling little pattern of narrative has worked extremely effectively. It is true that he touches in only the surface appearance, but he touches it in truthfully and vividly. But now suddenly this very gift deserts him. We have believed in the bull-headed union official, in his convictions and his tactless way of asserting them: what we can't believe in is a sudden switch in him to downright condemnation of his daughter's decision. Some doubt, some hesitations, some awareness of the contradiction in his attitude there must be for him, if we are to go on believing in him. One sees what, technically, has happened. Mr Willis's economical scheme has left Jacko with no one to argue with (though I should have thought his old father would have done) and when Mr Willis wants the coloured boy to have an outburst as strong as the mother's, there is no one else to have it with.

This third act, then, is unsatisfying: and it is unsatisfying I suggest, in another way, too. There is no solution, naturally, to the problem Mr Willis has raised. All we are to be left with, plainly, is an impasse; but I don't think Mr Willis has found a satisfactory dramatic symbol for the impasse. Yet in spite of these criticisms, *Hot Summer Night* makes its effect. It is an honest, honourable workmanlike play which, within narrow limits admittedly, states its problem tellingly and movingly. It is very well acted by Joan Miller and John Slater as the husband and wife, Harold Scott as a Socialist of the old school, and Andrée Melly and Lloyd Reckord as the young people.

T. C. WORSLEY

Promising Conductor

ONE is tempted to write about the Sadler's Wells *Seraglio* as though it had taken place only in the orchestral pit; there, for once, we had a conductor who understood something of Mozart, whilst a great deal that happened on the stage seemed either to be gratuitous, or else to portray one thing while the music said quite another. To give an obvious example: if we are to judge by Mozart's characterisation of him, Osmin is surely more than a figure of fun; he is indeed a threatening and rather formidable person, and his first song in G minor has sinister elements which place him entirely outside the world of Gilbert and Sullivan. Without labouring the point, I believe this production would gain immeasurably if it would throw a few dozen laughs overboard and concentrate on doing justice to Mozart.

But what of the singing? Quite simply, it won't do. The quality improves for a while in the great ensemble at the end of the second act but otherwise there are very few moments of distinction, and the only singer who has warmth and insight enough for Mozart is Jenifer Vyvyan, as Constanza. Though her voice does not quite suit the part, one always admires her intense musicality; yet she seems here to excel more in the coloratura passages than in the others.

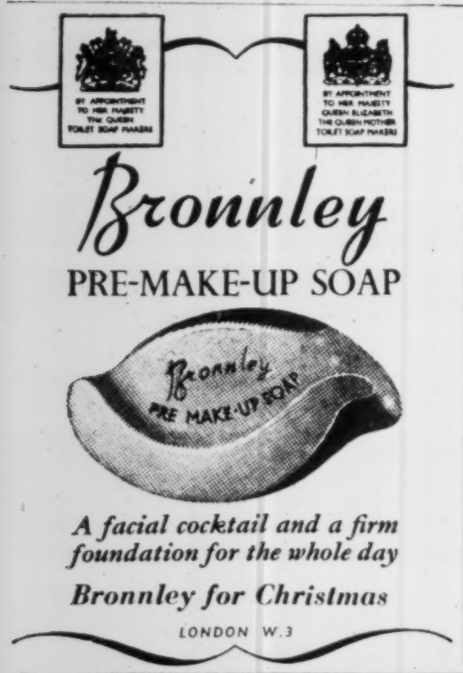
Meanwhile the orchestra surpasses itself; it is a refuge for the ear, a focus for the imagination, a pleasure almost from beginning to end. Colin Davis has devoted more thought to Mozart than many conductors twice his age, and his performance showed not only that he had studied the score of *Seraglio* until he knew it inside out, but also that he had reflected on every problem of style and every nuance of character. Since I last heard him he has gained in control and assurance and in the ability to stand outside the music and to communicate his conception of it with remarkable clarity; and he has done this without hardening in the least degree: the phrasing, the accompaniments, the woodwind solos still have the same impassioned quality as before, plus a perspective that promises well for the future. Let us not be silly and hail a new master of world rank just because we need one; but the promise is there.

WILLIAM GLOCK

All at Sea

THE Hemingway who introduced a new tone into novel writing in the Twenties, and the Hemingway of the screen, of the lush vulgarisations of *The Sun Also Rises* and *Farewell to Arms*, are different people. One knows in advance that a Hemingway film will be all fiestas, big-game hunting, war and sunsets, booze and sex, the raw slice of Technicolor, two hours too many. The last may indeed be true of *The Old Man and the Sea* (Warners), but not, surprisingly, the rest. This film is, as films go, 'straight'. Hemingway wrote about an old fisherman who has his last grapple with life in a two-day battle with a giant fish; and the film gives us just that – or tries to. Most of the time we are alone in the Gulf Stream with Spencer Tracy in his boat, and Tracy talks to the fish he has hooked, and a Narrator talks to Tracy. The Narrator has the last word on most things, describing what we're looking at, in case there's a head in the way of the screen; see, he remarks, the creases in that old man's neck; we look, there aren't any. In fact we get pretty tired of Narrator, whose only merit is that he talks Hemingway. But then do we need a wide screen in order to appreciate the Master's prose? However, if he left off, there would be only Tracy and the big fish; and just as soon, or sooner, we should tire of them. The trouble is, not the filmmakers should for once have chosen to be faithful to an original but that they have picked the wrong original. Or if the impulse to film this story with a single character were so strong, the one way surely would be in taut black-and-white, with the speech cut down and the action as authentic as possible. The method adopted has been the reverse of this; so that in an endlessly monotonous situation we have leisure to track down every falsity and look out for repeated flaws. The chief of these is, of course, that for much of the time Tracy squats in his studio boat, under studio lights, while the background is that luring fish-wondrous sea of which the voice in our ears keeps reminding us. When he is at the height of his battle with the fish we actually see two lines, one the studio line and the other actually holding the monster that thrashed perhaps a thousand miles away. Even if the film had been otherwise successful, this disjointure at the climax would have wrecked it. As it is, Tracy's performance is as good as any he has achieved, and the narrative is modern prose of an order rarely heard in the cinema; but the thrilling legend of the page has become as unreal and as wearisome as the plastic fish finally brought alongside to be defended against savage sharks. However, I dare say in five years' time it will be remade with a singing fish and a girl to wave from the shore.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT



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A Bach Recording

ONE of the most interesting records I have heard for some time is Igor Markevitch's new arrangement of the *Musical Offering*, published by Columbia. The only other recorded version I know is that of the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, which follows the music roughly as it appears in the *Bach-Gesellschaft* edition and attempts nothing more than to execute the notes with clarity and to provide an occasional contrast of instrumental *timbre* in order to make the counterpoint more expressive. Can this great work, consisting as it does of a Trio Sonata, two *ricercari* and ten canons, ever become part of the repertory? Igor Markevitch's answer is yes, but only if the canons are presented in a single dramatic sweep, and if the instrumental texture is given more 'body' than usual and at the same time a more varied colouring. In his attempt to fulfil these conditions, he employs over forty players and groups them according to the latest acoustical discoveries; and he arranges the canons so that they show Bach's creative imagination penetrating deeper and deeper into the possibilities of the theme. So far as the canons are concerned, I have found, curiously enough, that this idea of a *crescendo* of interest seems less effective than the usual order, which proceeds rather by contrast than progression and does not leave all the most marvellous music till the end. Nor do I think that everyone will be satisfied by Markevitch's instrumental colouring: it is apt to distract attention from the notes themselves and from the unearthly beauty with which they are sometimes combined.

This happens in the famous canon where the two parts accompanying the theme trace the same outlines at different speeds and in contrary motion. Here one wants to be left alone with the line-drawing, which generates an intensity of expression hardly surpassed even in the *St Matthew Passion*. It is a supreme example of that conjunction of opposites I tried to describe in Stravinsky's *Threni*. But there is *one* important point in Markevitch's favour. The Stuttgart players never get through this canon at all. They turn back faint-heartedly when they are only halfway through the part that proceeds in longer note-values, and so avoid the amazing passage that occurs just afterwards. There is no nonsense of this kind with Igor Markevitch. On the contrary, he revels perhaps in taking things just a little too far. To give a happy example of excess: there is another extraordinary canon which rises a tone higher at each repetition, and it must have given him immense pleasure to place this next to the magisterial four-part canon in G minor. It meant that he could ascend not just to the C an octave above his starting-point, but a step further than anyone else, to a brilliant chord of D which prepares in an exciting way for the G minor canon.

Even in the Trio Sonata, where Bach himself prescribes the instrumentation, Markevitch still leaves his imprint by including the *canon perpetuus* for flute, violin and continuo as an extra movement. This seems quite acceptable; and indeed I shall have failed to give a just impression if I do not make it perfectly clear that the enterprise of this new version is infinitely to be preferred to a mere dull recital of the notes. The *tempi* are sometimes hurried, sometimes ponderous. The style and sound of the performance are by no means always convincing. But it remains a record well worth having; it will stimulate as well as annoy.

WILLIAM GLOCK

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COLIN MASON, RECORD NEWS DECEMBER 1958

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How Due is Due?

By animadverting, as I did recently, on 'thought-control' at the BBC, I did not mean to imply that freedom of comment was entirely uninhibited on the other channel.

Under the Television Act, it is one of the duties of the Independent Television Authority to see 'that due impartiality is preserved . . . as respects matters of political or industrial controversy or relating to current public policy'. Vile as the prose of the subsection is, its purport would seem reasonable to most fair-minded people; and it has not proved unworkable in practice – at least when matters of domestic controversy are being discussed. Difficulty (and unfairness) are more likely to arise when the questions relate to foreign or colonial affairs. What is 'current public policy'? Presumably it means the policy of the government of the day. But whereas any producer who had to handle a feature on, say, the Rent Act would at once recognise the obligation of presenting it with 'due impartiality', he might not feel the same obligation in handling a feature on some overseas problem. Yet this problem could be a matter of controversy, between Government and Opposition, almost as fierce as the Rent Act.

Take a burningly topical example – Cyprus. There is no agreed, bi-partisan, 'national' policy on Cyprus. It is a matter of 'current public policy' on which the Opposition has voted against the Government; on which, therefore, 'due impartiality' is to be preserved. Yet again and again, on ITV as well as on the BBC, we have had programmes about Cyprus heavily loaded in favour of the Government.

Now I am informed of two impending programmes, one on each channel, each of which will seek, in its own way, to show British viewers something of the present situation in Cyprus. The first is to be broadcast by the BBC next Tuesday. It is a play called *Incident at Echo Six*, and, although it is fictional in form, its main theme will be the National Servicemen serving in Cyprus and 'the tensions and dangers under which they have to work'. Its young Scottish author, Troy Kennedy Martin, was himself an officer in the Gordon Highlanders serving in Cyprus. According to the BBC hand-out, the producer, Gilchrist Calder, 'has had the co-operation of the Army. . . . He feels that this co-operation is some indication of the authenticity of script and production'. It may well be; it is also a guarantee that the play will delight Lord Harding and General Darling. Nobody wants to censor TV plays, and the National Serviceman in Cyprus – with whom, in his 'tensions and dangers', all sensible people here sympathise – is a legitimate theme for drama; but I wonder what the BBC would do if a Greek or a British Socialist or Liberal playwright submitted an undeniably brilliant play expressing Cypriot aspirations and showing the horrors of the interrogation-centre. Or rather, I don't wonder.

My main concern this week, however, is with ITV; and I am interested to learn that Peter Hunt, of Associated-Rediffusion, 'is at present in Cyprus filming a half-hour documentary to be shown on Christmas afternoon'. Again, the emphasis will be chiefly on the Army – but it is hard to see how such a programme can be done without political overtones, without implying not merely that the soldiers in Cyprus are good chaps doing their duty but that, in so doing, they are serving the interests of the British people at the behest of a wise Government. If any such implication is allowed to creep into this programme, and if A-R is allowed to get away with it, the ITA will be failing in its duty under the Act.

One can to some extent sympathise with producers in this quandary. They want, rightly, to handle important topical issues; but, when they go abroad, they have to rely a good deal on official co-operation, on the provision of facilities, on the general good-will of the Foreign or the Colonial Office. (It is no good taking an expensive camera-team to some distant place if, when you get there, you find the British Ambassador or the Governor unapproachable.) Such good-will is not extended to those whose work is likely to be 'unhelpful'.

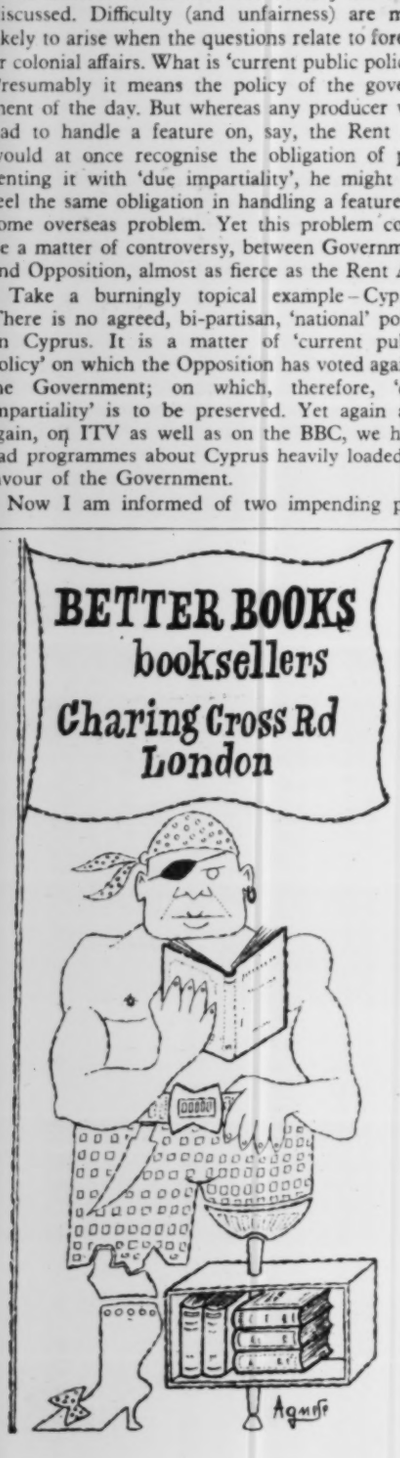
Moreover, some of those engaged in such work may be good technical men but not expert on the affairs of every troubled part of the world: these will be the readier naively to confuse support for the Government's case with ordinary patriotism, and to accept with gratitude the 'guidance' that our accomplished officials are always so diffidently glad to give.

Some little time ago (within the past year), the ITA passed on to the programme companies a message, worded with just such genteel diffidence, informing them (an ITA spokesman's paraphrase) of 'the desire of the Foreign Office News Department to be used', if any problems arose on which advice was needed. No set procedure for taking advantage of this generous desire has yet been evolved. What happens if the Foreign Office is seriously disturbed by some project? Though the producer who has ventured to seek advice is not bound to take it, what happens if he disregards it, in what he regards as the interests of his programme? Nobody is more skilled than the British Foreign Office in dropping the pregnant hint: so many situations are 'extremely delicate'; it might be 'really disastrous' if such-and-such a programme took such-and-such a line, or even, if it were broadcast at all.

Obviously a producer in such a dilemma would consult a senior executive of his programme company. The last word would lie with the ITA, whose spokesman said to me: 'We would take as detached a view as we possibly could'. How possible is possible (and how due is 'due' impartiality)? I feel sure that every member of ITA, from the Chairman downwards, is concerned only to carry out what is laid down in the Act and so to make sure that when there is an issue of 'current public policy' relating to foreign affairs, which is a matter of controversy between the parties, the Foreign Office view shall not be allowed to prevail over that of the Opposition.

Indeed, the Chairman of ITA himself must have taken special pains to purge his mind of any predisposition in favour of the Foreign Office. After all, he *is* Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, and (as I recalled here when he took on this job just over a year ago) he was from 1953 to 1957 Head of the Foreign Office. With his background, it must have been slightly embarrassing for him when that message was given out to the companies (so soon after he had taken over, too); for if he had been asked about it, he would surely have pointed out – bearing the terms of the Act in mind – that it would me grossly improper, and politically unwise, to recommend the companies to consult the Foreign Office (on matters controversial between the parties) without also recommending them to consult the International Department at Transport House.

TOM DRIBERG



Why Not Mother Falstaff?

The ethics involved through biting off more than one can chew, especially when meat is the food and the man is hungry, are nice: *Mother Courage* is one of our century's great plays; Unity Theatre, for all the grit, sincerity, and plain hard work put into it, is amateur. Their production of *Courage* is difficult to swallow. How far then should we praise their putting it on? The amateur is never quite at stake. No matter how hard he tries to avoid it, he evokes something indulgent in the kindly and something angry in severe people or in artists. All the same, in our time no well-heeled business man speculating in theatre is likely to put *Courage* on.

The pity is that Unity has striven to mount *Courage* as Brecht, using the Berliner Ensemble, mounted it; instead of using the ideas he developed to make epic drama work as baldly as possible. How much would we really miss the elaborate props made in well equipped theatrical workshops or borrowed from national museums, if, instead of emphasising the poverty of their production, Unity had produced a bleak, quick but sure-footed performance? Would it not have been more effective to concentrate on getting the vital ironic text through the short fast-changing scenes? As it is, the play moves too slowly – it *needs* a revolving stage – to allow the illusion of time passing over great distances.

The acting is, by and large, bad. Again, instead of showing us an imitation of Weigel's performance, could not a sort of Mother Falstaff be evoked? Catherine, Yevette, and the Commander do quite well. I do not like the Chaplain; but others might. One aspect should be altered or abandoned – the singing. How can even the most willing and tolerant audience sit without those husky giggles which betoken personal embarrassment and not outraged judgment, while complex and beautiful tunes are sung with neither raw talent nor musical understanding?

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

Correspondence

THE WOLFENDEN PROPOSALS

SIR,—The controversy about homosexuals and the law has overshadowed the more urgent problem of prostitution and the law—more urgent because legislation is now being drafted to implement Part Three of the Wolfenden Report. There may be interesting Freudian reasons why parliament and the public are more attentive to homosexuality than to prostitution as a social problem. On the latter, 'clear the streets' is all that many people have to say—at times during the Commons debate one might have been at a Borough Engineers' outing rather than listening to parliament discussing the future of an unknown number of Her Majesty's subjects. The dilemma is difficult. Importuning girls are a nuisance on our streets. So are importuning men. Any new legislation about street behaviour must apply to both. But much more could be done under the existing nuisance regulations if more outraged, respectable citizens, especially in afflicted residential areas, would bring charges and appear as witnesses.

Many parents are deeply worried about the effects on their children of the girl under the lamp-post outside their house. The chances are that she is in much more need of help and protection than their daughters. She is often pitifully much younger than she pretends, not very intelligent, dirty and homeless; sometimes she is on the run from a remand home and in need of money; sometimes she has run away from home after a quarrel, and, but for the eager attention of men who haunt our railway termini specially to meet the likes of her, would never have taken up such work. The thought of prison may so frighten these girls that they stay off the street and keep away from the police and all the services which can help them. The Home Secretary made no reference in the debate to the one constructive proposal in the Wolfenden Report—to have remand centres where these girls may be kept for a short period. This would enable a medical and social report to be made, and the parents informed. It is absurd that a girl can be remanded for such reports if she steals half a pint of milk, but not for these other offences which hazard her life much more dangerously. Most social workers and probation officers would agree to higher fines. And they desperately need the power and opportunity that remand would give them. But I have not yet met one who supports the prison sentence, especially since it would apply only to the 'common prostitute'—a term of second-class citizenship which in itself outrages the whole concept of the equality of citizens before the law. Incidentally, a spell in prison is not often an uplifting experience.

It is the waste of young life that should be the decisive element in the action society takes, rather than street-cleaning. As for the older, confirmed prostitute, as long as prostitution is not a crime, she has to be accepted as a slightly nonconformist member of the community. Indeed, Wolfenden and the government are quite prepared for her to carry on, and all her younger sisters as well, so long as they are invisible. I am sorry the government invoked public opinion as a reason for not implementing Part Two of the report. I wish, however, that public opinion would do the same about Part Three.

LENA M. JEGER

House of Commons

SIR,—I live in a residential area; it is quiet—with no theatres, no cinemas, no all-night cafés, no bright lights. But a few years ago it was selected by prostitutes as a beat (possibly because of greater vigilance elsewhere) and the result is that the streets are patrolled by kerb-crawling cars, every woman is scrutinised from the dark of the car to ascertain whether she is a prostitute and, if so, whether she meets the driver's fancy. Inevitably, women who are not prostitutes are accosted.

This is not the problem of whether the egg preceded the hen or vice versa. The prostitute came first into these streets and the client followed. I don't want to punish either—I just want them to go away

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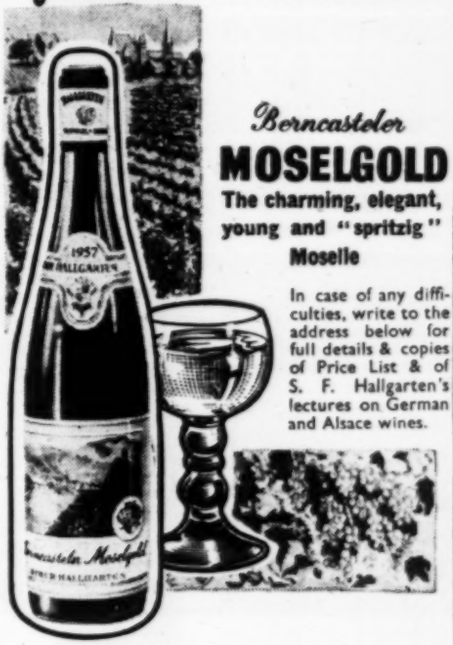

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or stop parading their lechery. But as the bait draws the beast, so the prostitute draws the client. These streets have become a cesspool of farmyard promiscuity, and this atmosphere is bad for young people, quite apart from the question of insult and assault. I want my wife and my daughter to be able to go through the local streets without being subjected to lecherous scrutiny and possible accost. At present, my hope is in the Wolfenden Committee proposals, but if other people have other proposals for preventing this nuisance, won't they tell us?

J. R. HARMAN

London

TRANSPORT IN TROUBLE

SIR,—It is, of course, essential, as Mr Green points out in your issue of 22 November, that the railways and roads be run as an integrated transport system. No factory manager would like to control the conveyors in his works, while an outside contractor ran the fork-trucks, and another the cranes.

The case of the railways against the encroachments of road traffic is much better than is generally realised but is allowed to go by default. For this the unimaginative and often backward management of the railways is to blame. With modern electronics and other automatic devices, the trackbound nature of railway traffic, at first sight a disadvantage, could be turned into a valuable asset. When you know that your trains are moving along a definite track, you can use modern interlocking methods to ensure optimum traffic density, just as you can on a line of automatic machines in industry. But British Railways have not really changed their ideas on signalling and safety for 100 years. It is now well known that a workable system of signal indication in the driver's cab could have been installed at any time during the last 30 years, preventing numerous accidents and permitting normal running during fog. It is perhaps less well known that wireless or other methods of inter-train signalling could today double traffic density.

The Transport Commission is fond of showing off its electric computers to the press. These are used in the conventional way, as by many other organisations, for preparing wage-rolls. When will they be used for preparing time-tables; for the day-to-day calculation of optimum wagon routing? How much mechanical handling is employed for goods and passengers, once they leave their vehicles? And when will such simple problems as the booking of return reservations be solved? When, in this age of radio-technology, will station announcements become intelligible?

If British Railways made an attempt to move with the times, there would be no question at all of the encroachment of road traffic.

E. G. SEMLER

Automation Progress *Editor*

LONDON TRANSPORT

SIR,—In his otherwise reasonable article, Mr J. P. W. Mallalieu repeats the tiresome boast that 'the public transport service in London is still the best in the world'. It is doubtful if there ever was much truth in this claim, but there certainly is none now. Almost all the provincial undertakings in this country, whether municipal, nationalised or private, give a better service to the public. Their fares are usually lower, the services more punctual and better suited to traffic requirements, and the staff more civil and helpful. In only one respect can London Transport make any claim to superiority: their diesel buses (not trolleybuses or Underground stock) are all fairly new, but this can be attributed to the 24 per cent. drop in traffic since 1951, which has allowed the older vehicles to be withdrawn sooner than would otherwise have been possible. Many buses of the 1946-48 period have been sold to provincial operators, probably at a considerable loss. Such problems as street congestion and declining off-peak traffic are not peculiar to London, though they are more acute in London than elsewhere.

Any long-term solution must consider both the financial and practical aspects. The present constitution of the nationalised industries is state-controlled capitalist rather than Socialist in character. While a private company pays no dividends if it makes no profits, nationalised industries have to pay fixed dividends, out of reserves if operating profits are insufficient; and, when these reserves are ultimately exhausted, by subsidy from the taxpayer. While outright purchase by the state of all privately held shares in these industries would, of course, have led to inflation, there should have been a scheme for paying off the capital over a long period of perhaps 30 years, so that interest charges would decrease year by year and finally disappear altogether.

The present system of bus routes has grown up piecemeal over more than 50 years and is often out of touch with present requirements. It is now time for a complete overhaul; long cross-London routes (perhaps including Green Line coaches), on which time-keeping is very bad, should be withdrawn and outer suburban routes could be based on Underground or BR stations. The policy in the past has been to keep bus and Tube fares the same (even to the imposition of the 'Suez halfpenny' on the Underground), but the possible effects of differential fares should be considered. Higher bus fares might divert more traffic to the Underground, thus enabling it to pay its way. Higher Underground fares would be in accordance with costs, but would have the undesirable effect of driving traffic back to congested roads.

W. A. A. BREMNER

65 Bethel Road, Welling

THE LIVELY ART

SIR,—Your contributor Robert Robinson must be rather scantily informed about the drama in the Thirties, although he seeks authority in a quotation from Professor Coghill.

Let me please record that the minority theatre audience of that time was very considerable and by

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no means confined to coteries. The Gate, under Norman Marshall, carried on the traditions of the Stage Society. The Group under Rupert Doone did the original pioneering work for the dramatic poets at the Westminster, where *The Dog Beneath the Skin* had a normal run. At the Mercury, Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, directed by Martin Browne, ran from November 1935 to July 1936, and from the following autumn until Easter, 1937 at the Duchess. Auden and Isherwood's *Ascent of F.6* had 50 performances at the Mercury and another 50 at the Little, in the West End. *The Family Reunion* began its career with a Westminster run.

The minority audience, fortunately, is always with us. It supported the Court Theatre in 1904-7, and Sir Barry Jackson's enterprises on the same stage, and today it supports the enterprise of the English Stage Company under Mr Devine. There is no occasion, I think, for denigrating this audience or its dramatists in any particular decade of our century.

ASHLEY DUKES

Mercury Theatre, W11

SIR,—The touching picture of Lady Ottoline Morrell and Aldous Huxley listening to the Drama of the Thirties may be an amusing way of starting a review, but it is certainly not complete. The idea that the authors in question, whose professional careers certainly prove the contrary, were ever afraid of exposing their work to the public, lest the bloom was rubbed off, is plainly ridiculous. In fact, Lady Ottoline (why fabulous?) had plenty of opportunity of proving herself flesh and blood by buying real theatre tickets, at a nice real box office, anytime during the Group Theatre season at the Westminster Theatre—or during the six months' run of *The Ascent of F.6* which, after moving to several theatres, closed at the Old Vic with Alec Guinness in the part of Ransome.

It is perhaps worth while to remember that the plays were written specifically for the Group Theatre which, under the direction of Rupert Doone, was a company of actors, producers, composers and designers, who wished to experiment in new forms and which trained actors in movement and the speaking of verse. The Group Theatre had been in existence a year or so before *The Dance of Death* was written by W. H. Auden. This play was produced by Tyrone Guthrie and Rupert Doone; and there was no question of being shy of the public. The same season at the Westminster Theatre which, in addition to the above, included *The Dog Beneath the Skin* and *Sweeney Agonistes*, also enabled Michel St Denis to produce his first play in English.

It is due to ventures in theatrical style such as the Group Theatre and Michel St Denis, amongst others, carried out during the Thirties, that the newer dramatists make their way so quickly nowadays to Shaftesbury Avenue and can find actors and producers to meet their demands.

ROBERT MEDLEY

3 The Grange, SW19

PASTERNAK IN SPAIN

SIR,—At the moment when Boris Pasternak refused the Nobel Prize, a letter was circulated to leading writers and academicians in Spain asking for their signatures to a protest against the Russian government's treatment of the poet. This was met with a general refusal. It was pointed out that if the letter had emanated from London, Paris or Rome, everyone would have signed, but that conditions in Spain were in many ways as bad. Reference was made to the continued imprisonment without trial of the student editors of the magazine *Aldebaran*. They have been in Carabanchel gaol since January. And a further point was made of the treatment by the censorship office of the poet Blas de Otero.

Otero, the outstanding voice among the post-Civil War generation, has just had his new book, *En Castellano*, forbidden publication, and a reprint of his *Pido la paz y la palabra* has likewise been prohibited. Furthermore two poems were arbitrarily lopped from earlier volumes which have just appeared as a single collection in Barcelona. Otero is certainly a poet of protest, and of religious doubt—or rather, perhaps, of the struggle for faith. His poetry is a call for human dignity, and is deliberately addressed, like that of others of his generation, *'a la inmensa mayoría'*.

In the end the Pasternak protest appeared in *ABC* under the single signature of a little-known writer known as an admirer of Franco.

J. M. COHEN

38 Bark Place, W2

REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE

SIR,—Your reviewer, David Pyke, states in reference to Brian Inglis's *Revolution in Medicine*: 'There is a characteristic sequence to a new idea: (1) it isn't true, (2) it isn't important, (3) we knew it long ago. Mr Inglis's book provokes all three'. With regard to (3), the idea is at least as old as Hippocrates; as to (2), it is so important that American schools are incorporating it into the training of medical students, and many English consultants and general practitioners estimate that three to four out of every five patients fall into the category—psychosomatic; therefore (1) it is true.

Mr Pyke's thinking in common with the majority of medical opinion is dualistic—that man is made of two parts, physical and mental to be treated separately. Mr Inglis does not say that disease is 'the result of emotional stress', but that all illness involves the whole being and should be treated wholly, not in parts. This, perhaps, accounts for the very wide difference in recovery rates between patients who have fallen into the hands of doctors who have fully realised this and those who have not. A great deal of harm has been done in treating this question as if either the physical or the psychological side could be excluded, when, in fact, they are interdependent.

Hospital out-patients and practices are crowded with patients for whose symptoms no organic cause can be found. The doctors are not so much 'ashamed' to make the 'diagnosis of functional disorder', as chagrined and angered by their failure to cure. After the gamut of medicaments and investigations has been exhausted, these patients may be sent to the psychiatrist, who, finding no overt mental illness, sends them back to the referring doctor untreated. Neither doctor nor psychiatrist is trained to treat patients whose bodies react to emotional stress (conscious and/or unconscious) mimicking organic change. That a large number of patients are incompletely treated, is neither 'bad doctoring' nor 'the profession as a whole at fault', but ignorance due to incomplete training with its emphasis on the physical aspect of illness.

Mr Inglis comprehends very well that 'the advances in physical and psychological medicine have come from a *scientific* approach to clinical problems'. This is why progress has been so slow, for man's ills cannot be understood by science alone.

DOCTOR PSYCHOTHERAPIST

WAR AGAINST THE JEWS

SIR,—R. H. S. Crossman mentioned recently in the London Diary the legend that Ernest Bevin waged an unjust war against the Jews in Palestine. If he did, so did I, but the legend is untrue and is an irresponsible distortion.

A. CREECH JONES

House of Commons

BACK-STAGE STORY

SIR,—In his article 'Back-Stage Story' in your last week's issue, William Whitebait implies that this Board's rejection of the film *Operation Teutonic Sword* was political censorship. The Board decided not to grant a certificate for the public exhibition of this film on the grounds that it made serious allegations against a living person without providing an opportunity for that person to refute the charges or to produce alternative evidence, I cannot see that this can be regarded as political censorship.

JOHN TREVELYAN

British Board of Film Censors

This one's on me

The coming of Christmas always puts me in a reflective mood, and I have been counting my blessings. To my delight I find that they include two dozen bottles of Vintners Cream, three dozen of El Catador, and half-a-dozen of Fino Perla. Naturally I feel satisfied with my lot, for a very nice little lot it is . . .

But at such times it behoves one to consider the less fortunate, and I started thinking about those people who not only haven't got a cache of Mackenzie's Sherry, but have not even tasted it. And, conscious that this is the season of goodwill and good living, I decided to do something for these underprivileged folk, so that they, too, can enjoy the pleasure of drinking Mackenzie's Sherry.

Unfortunately I'm not able to send all my readers a complimentary bottle, but with the kindly co-operation of Mackenzie's I can offer everyone a chance to *win* a bottle. So here is a competition a little more serious than the one announced last month:—

Write an advertisement for Mackenzie's Sherry in the style to which, perhaps, you have become accustomed (i.e. *my* style), and send it to the address below before December 31st. Length should not exceed 250 words. The writer of the one considered to be the best, by me and Ian Mackenzie, will receive 12 bottles of Mackenzie's excellent sherry; second and third will receive 8 and 4 bottles respectively; and an unlimited number of good losers will be consoled with a single bottle each.

If you enjoy *pastiche*, I hope you'll have a go. Personally I find writing about Mackenzie's Sherry stimulating fun, and derive both inspiration and benefit from the product. Come to think of it, that's an idea you might well adopt—have some Mackenzie's Sherry before you start writing. And if you'll send the seal off the bottle with your entry, I promise that runners-up will receive *two* bottles.

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Christmas Books Supplement—II

POETRY TODAY

How many writers have enough good poems to fill a book? Very few, it seems; very few at any time. Yet the habit of publishing volumes by individual poets, in spite of financial difficulties, is excellent. The individual poet wants, obviously, to establish an identity and a name, but this in itself would not be a general warrant. The real justification is that very few poems, from any period, really stand on their own. The poem which stands quite on its own, bearing authority and completeness of meaning that are independent of the learned voice and the general system of the poet's work as a whole, is much rarer than we commonly realise. The instinct to make the voice clearer, by several examples, to make the personal system more adequate, by a more varied deployment, is natural and reasonable. The alternative method of publishing, obviously more attractive financially, is the anthology. The annual PEN anthology is an admirable institution, and should be bought by all those who profess to honour the art. It gives the reader some impression of the scope and variety of contemporary poetry, and is an obvious incentive to intelligent criticism at a stage before this has settled down into literary history. The general anthology is almost always, consciously or unconsciously, an illustration of a known critical scheme which, of course, is why new anthologies must regularly be made. The temporary anthology is more open, so much so that it is perhaps the most difficult volume any critic has to face; if his work is to be done seriously, he finds himself thrown back to the beginnings of judgment. At the same time, to critic and ordinary reader, the temporary anthology is, in a different way, baffling. So few poems, in any one year, are likely to be able to stand on their own, that the general impression is almost inevitably of many things half-said, half-finished, tentatively sketched. Where particular poems cannot be supplemented by individual volumes, there is an obvious danger of injustice, and in recoil from this it is easy to overpraise.

Only one reaction is quite wrong: the fashionable fear of multiplicity, which rationalises itself in some bright pretended horror at the thought of seventy English poets in one year of grace; the implication of something ridiculous in this, or in the parallel situation of a novel or play being written or planned down almost every street. When we think of the sum of our common activities, does this proportion really seem wrong? And what kind of attitude is it, to the products established as literature, which includes this fear and contempt of the struggling, crowded, untidy process: an effort we should be glad of, if we value the experience of literature and the quality of our common life?

One general judgment is easy, after reading these many new poems. It is that the shocks are over, the revolutionary period passed. English poetry has settled again into an ordinary tradition, in which there is very little to arrest or surprise. There has been a quite evident and deliberate simplification, and readers who have given up modern poetry because, they say, it is obscure, will have to find another reason or excuse. The campaign against obscurity, led by some of the younger poets, is a reaction, primarily, against one kind of poetry, in particular that of Dylan Thomas. In critical terms, the campaign has been superficial. Thomas's *Refusal to Mourn*, though intellectually obscure, is a better poem than any in these current volumes, and in the excitements of campaigning principles have been suggested which would logically exclude *Carrion Comfort*, *The Waste Land* or *Byzantium*. Yet the instinct was right, or at least partly right. The authority of such poems was being used to cover simple carelessness, wilfulness and confusion. These errors, now, have to be compounded with at least a surface clarity, and at the ordinary levels this is some slight advantage. Meanwhile, at the level of the best poems of the Fifties, a limited advance to a real clarity has undoubtedly been achieved.

But if the shocks are over, the radical experiments either discontinued or diluted and absorbed, there is no simple return to, say, a Georgian poetic world. The mark of Yeats is almost everywhere, in terms of language and manner, and the general current of experience is, in the narrowed dimension of poetry, authentic and contemporary. In range we are back, really, in the main Romantic tradition; it is significantly Yeats, and not Eliot or Pound, who broods over this anthology and these volumes, and the other major influence is Blake. The weakening influence is that corrupt rattling brightness which stems from the minor literature of the Twenties and Thirties and which has somehow got established as a kind of contemporary vitality.

In terms of technique, certain tendencies are notable. Of the seventy-seven poems in *New Poems, 1958*, about a third are written in very familiar traditional stanzas, though often with a quite heavy use of half-rhyme or third-rhyme. If we add to these the poems written in complex formal stanzas (one or two of these are technically very fine), half the poems are accounted for. The other half, in a rough two-to-one proportion, are unrhymed verse, often arranged in stanzas – genuine blank verse appears only once – and the comparatively new occasionally rhyming verse, in which there are no patterns of rhyme but a rhyme appears from time to time, sometimes for emphasis, sometimes, it seems, by luck or accident. This last method is ordinarily dramatic in tendency, and is often effective, but, like the unrhymed verse, it puts a weight on the authority and control of rhythms which, understandably, is often more than these can bear. The stanza which by relative frequency emerges as a contemporary form is that of three lines, in *terza rima* or other schemes, and appearing sometimes as part of the fashionable *villanelle*.

> They live with us, for better or for worse,
> yet in the bed are strangers in disguise;
> citizens of another universe.
>
> (Francis Newbold)

> The fate of rain's decided by the hills,
> The taste of earth both sweetens and defiles
> The water doomed for seas or doomed for wells.
>
> (Barry Richards)

> Walking home afterwards, I am struck
> By the lane's stillness in mid-December,
> The muffled elms and ghostly hemlock.
>
> (F. Pratt Green)

It is a flexible form, and seems particularly consonant with contemporary rhythms. But the *villanelle* needs sparing use; its emphases are often more than the meaning can bear.

The most distinctive poetry of the Fifties, though many good poems lie outside its intentions, is that poetry of incidental individual comment, of which Philip Larkin's *Churchgoing* is the best-known example. *Churchgoing* has all the carefully rehearsed mannerisms, but is a successful poem not only because of the effect of these but because it is also dramatically modulated, with considerable skill. Three examples in *New Poems, 1958*, show the range and unevenness in this category. John Wain's *Au Jardin des Plantes* is an interesting poem, though the taut assertiveness of the manner does less than justice to his essential seriousness:

> The gorilla lay on his back,
> One hand cupped under his head,
> Like a man. . . .
>
> Like a man, like a man
> One of those we maintain, not for doing anything,
> But for being what they are.
>
> A thousand days, and then a thousand days,
> With everything laid on, free of charge,
> They cup their heads in prodigal idleness.

The ordinary reference back is to Empson, but it is to Lawrence's late poems, with their nervous, repetitive, colloquial emphasis, that I see this, like other poems in its category, going back. D. J. Enright's writing, by contrast, is always, now, deliberately loose and rough, but the same family voice comes through:

> We see the tourists being done down in the shops,
> And see the shops burnt down and looted by the mob,

New Poems, 1958. A PEN Anthology. Edited by BONAMY DOBREE, LOUIS MACNEICE, and PHILIP LARKIN. *Michael Joseph.* 13s. 6d.

The Next Word. By THOMAS BLACKBURN. *Putnam.* 7s. 6d.

In Fires of No Return. By JAMES K. BAXTER. *Oxford.* 12s. 6d.

Third Day Lucky. By ROBIN SKELTON. *Oxford.* 12s. 6d.

Selection. By A. S. J. TESSIMOND. *Putnam.* 7s 6d.

The Cocks of Hades. By C. A. TRYPANIS. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

And see the mob cut down and beaten by
policemen.
Perhaps we don't agree with what we see. We
understand.
Perhaps we don't fit in, quite. But who does?

There is better contemporary writing than this, and than Kingsley Amis's:

It takes a poet to go one stage further,
To pick stuff like this for his harangue,
To pretend that giving or denying meaning
Means anything.

The manner has become too easy, and the slangy invigorating scepticism, still there in part in Enright, becomes fatigued and indifferent.

The best poem in *New Poems, 1958*, is, I think, Edwin Muir's *The Desolations*. I would put next the poems by F. Pratt Green and John Wain, and there are substantial poems by Elizabeth Jennings, Thomas Blackburn, Richard Kell, Robin Skelton and Patric Dickinson. The poems by John Holloway, Anthony Thwaite, and Dannie Abse are interesting, and I should like to read more of Kenneth Gee, John Knight, and Francis Newbold. There is one very fine verse, the fifth, in an unsuccessful poem by Ann Jacobs.

Of the individual volumes, the best is that of C. A. Trypanis, whose conscious rhetoric, in the style of Yeats, gives some of his work more power than anything in the anthology. James Baxter, a New Zealander, has an impressive honesty and strength. The volumes by Robin Skelton and by Thomas Blackburn (the latter starts *Othello's Dream* with an odd verbal reminiscence of *The Lady of Shalott*) help that development of an individual voice which substantiates their poems in the anthology. A. S. J. Tessimond is assured, and his poem *The British* is worth knowing. If there is no great poet now writing in England, no major poet even, still the general condition of English verse is above both its public reputation and its public support.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

Sancreed Churchyard

Don't tell me that the grave's a fine
and private place, if you would stand
beside me here. Each name is worn
never so boldly as upon the stone.
This miller with his round mill stone
snores till the clappers have outworn
all history. Then he will upstand,
though all the worms have eaten fine.

Don't kid me that the whistling bird
pules for some dear and huddled bones,
or that the rank flowers sweating in their glass
are fed with tears from a lamenting boy.
This docked and dandelioned boy,
hid in his green hump, has a glass
of yellow rainwater. His bones
think less of grief than feathers of a bird.

Put by your monotones. These words
were live enough, and will come out
wearing their shames and trades to talk
your ordinary glories down.
That mossed cross may be fallen down,
that slate door stained, but they will talk
how every weather kept tears out,
though all the mourners drowned in words.

ROBIN SKELTON

A Game of Chess

The quiet moves, the gently shaded room:
It is like childhood once again when I
Sat with a tray of toys and you would come
To take my temperature and make me lie
Under the clothes and sleep. Now peacefully

We sit above the intellectual game.
Pure mathematics seems to rule the board
Emotionless. And yet I feel the same
As when I sat and played without a word
Inventing kingdoms where great feelings stirred.

Is it that knight and king and small squat castle
Store up emotion, bring it under rule,
So that the problems now with which we wrestle
Seem simply of the mind? Do feelings cool
Beneath the order of an abstract school?

Never entirely, since the whole thing brings
Me back to childhood when I was distressed:
You seem the same who put away my things
At night, my toys and tools of childish lust.
My king is caught now in a world of trust.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

To My Grandmother

(After reading King Lear)

Age, by laws as powerful and blind
As letters from government offices,
Makes you a servant of the same kind
As that King, you cannot avoid this.

Those responses you now expect
From your daughters cannot be bought
With a private income. Their service and respect
Must come from a feeling that they owe it,

Without being asked or more rewarded,
To their mother on whom time has fallen.
As it happens all this is accorded,
They don't grow resentful or sullen.

Within these laws some of the arts
Once used in your own house
Can operate, although preserves and tarts,
Once famous, are too arduous.

Alternate hearths still find you knitting
Socks. Your clown is the child
Of the house. You learn to serve him, sitting
For hours to read, badgered and called

To watch a castle fall, enjoy
The jargon of moon travel,
Some jarring violence, too shiny toys,
Strange feats at which you marvel.

But starting after abdication,
Even at the bottom again,
Positively answers the expected negation
Of all that life had been.

A happier story this, with no madness
And no evil daughters nor storm,
Only its own bearable sadness
Here where it is still warm.

JAMES SIMMONS

In Shitayama-Cho

City Life in Japan. By R. P. DORE. *Routledge.* 45s.

However fast one moves through those residential areas of a great city that lie between its centre and its thinning periphery, gloom can easily get the better of curiosity. But curiosity sometimes wins. What is life like, a Japanese might wonder, in Streatham? Is it drab and uniform? Is there any sense of community? Are most marriages there stable? What faiths are held? What standards of living are maintained, and how? What new influences, if any, are making themselves felt?

It was to find the answers to such questions that Mr R. P. Dore bent his attention in the year 1951 upon the inhabitants of Shitayama-cho, a residential area of Tokyo 'towards the bottom end of the middle class'. His diligence and thoroughness were formidable, and he brought to the task, in which he had the co-operation of Japanese interviewers, the training of a social scientist. It must be said that the way in which a sociologist sets about satisfying his curiosity is remarkably different from that of, say, a novelist. In fact, he uses a different language, and it may happen that a non-scientific reader, accustomed to plainer writing, may find his progress through Mr Dore's pages at times faintly suggestive of an obstacle race.

He may be puzzled by trying to envisage a Japan 'propelled by basic factors, with a bunch of harmless city-dwellers 'stratified into six age, two sex and three educational categories'; and when the 'neighbourhood study approach' is enlivened by 'sociometric tests' he will notice signs of 'collectivity-orientation' and of a 'conceptualised set of behaviour patterns', and will hardly be surprised to learn that, at times, '40 per cent. didn't know' the answer to some busy, probing question. We have come a long way from Mesdames Chrysanthemum and Butterfly and a good job, too, but if it is too late for romantic exoticism, need we fall into the other extreme of income-brackets and kinship-groupings? Must baby-talk give way to jargon? The answer to both questions is probably Yes.

The reader who can digest this unappetising book will find it full of nourishment. It abounds in interesting facts, useful comparisons, and clear indications of what it was like to be an indigenous inhabitant of Shitayama in 1951. Anybody going to live in Japan for a time would find it full of helpful hints about Japanese ways of life and thought, and anybody interested in the evolutions of urban life generally, or the political, social, economic or religious evolution of the urban Japanese in particular, is bound to be impressed with the range of Mr Dore's seekings and findings. Ever since the Meiji Restoration the Japanese have been living at a furious pace, and within a century they have had to adapt themselves to the consequences of an industrial revolution while carrying it out in double-quick time, to touch the extremes of national pride and national humiliation, and yet to try to keep a balance between their own traditions and outside influences, most notably those introduced by the Americans after the Second World War. Perhaps the strongest impression left by Mr Dore's book, as by Japan itself, is that of too many people in too small a space. He mentions a theory that the 'low evaluation of individual privacy is linked with the general preference for group, over individual, action and responsibility which characterises Japanese society if compared with the "individualistic" West'. And he quotes a

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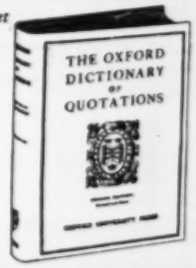

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

Japanese opinion that there can be no democracy and no establishment of the principle of individual responsibility until the Japanese are brought up in 'separate bedrooms with solid soundproof walls and locks on the doors'. The relation between democracy and privacy is only one of the many thought-provoking topics pursued by Mr Dore in populous Shitayama-cho.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Not So Brief Lives

Seventy Rolling Years. By SIR SYDNEY O. NEVILE. *Faber.* 25*s.*

Oh Sir, You've Shot Her! By B. JACOBSEN, Translated by. ESTRID BANNISTER. *Cape.* 16*s.*

Busman's View. By C. R. WASON. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

Duet for Three Hands. By CYRIL SMITH. *Angus & Robertson.* 18*s.*

Along the Road to Frome. By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS. *Harrap.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Frontier Doctor. By SIR HENRY HOLLAND. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 25*s.*

Seventy Rolling Years is an engaging title for a brewer's memoirs, and serious students who want to know what a paternal capitalist is really like might do worse than read Sir Sydney Nevile. (Less serious ones will find he goes on too long.) He is an amiable character in Whitbreads' who has spent a lifetime making beer respectable, in pursuance of the view that sobriety pays brewers better than drunkenness, and there is therefore no conflict between the brewers' interest and the public interest. My impression of him is of an organisation so delicately balanced that, if he did have to admit such a conflict, he would immediately explode. He has reached the age of 85 intact, however, so perhaps we need not worry about it. *Oh Sir, You've Shot Her!* is by contrast much the most entertaining of these books, and you need not try to believe it. It is an account of the author's childhood in Copenhagen in an entirely dotty family in the 1890s – the author is, as he says 'beyond the age of discretion', and has the uncommon faculty of Thurbing. Lions get into people's beds in the early morning, father summons the children to greet all guests by firing blank cartridges, or takes homœopathic medicine which makes him sing an unsuitable comic song, at which Mother faints, and is revived with more of the same medicine:

> For a moment she stayed put on the floor, then she opened one eye.
>
> With her finger she drew a ring in the air and said after a few unsuccessful attempts, 'I will not have owls in my dining-room. Get those birds out'.

It is perhaps not so deep and rumbling as *The Day the Dam Broke* or *The Night the Bed Fell on Father*, but sharper and brighter round the edges; on balance at least as funny. I recommend it unreservedly.

Busman's View is good, but nothing like as good as it ought to be. Mr Wason is a philosophic busman extremely interested in his buses – he has also long been a vintage car enthusiast, and you need to hear the way he talks about 'people who want a car only as a means of transport' – and in all the details of his job: routes, time schedules, conductors' difficulties, traffic problems, roads and the rest of it. He discusses these clearly and in fascinating detail, making one think furiously about one's many road sins, and on the whole he expresses a pretty benevolent attitude:

> Still, I pick passengers up whenever I can; I like the pathetic look of gratitude in the eyes of the little creatures when I stop for them.
>
> 'If they could only speak', I told my mate once, 'How grateful they would be to us'.

Mr Wason, who was once a classical don, is clearly an intelligent, educated and fairly sensitive type. It is therefore totally unconvincing when he turns on a crude gramophone record about the class struggle, which he does whenever any wider social or political question comes up. To say *now* about men hounded to suicide for refusing to join a Trades Union, 'They have tried to cut our throats; worse, they have tried to cut the throats of our children. They have committed the crime of Judas; let them meet the same end,' is simply to bombinate in an ancient political vacuum and to lose a chance of examining the *actual* class situation today from an uncommon angle.

Duet for Three Hands is rather confusingly described as 'by Cyril Smith as told to Joyce Egginton', but whoever wrote it has written it extremely well and without any sign of duplication. Musicians have a characteristic kind of Gush redeemed by a characteristic kind of Astringency; the mixture in this case is about G_1A_3, which is as sharp as you could hope for from anyone so successful, and really a very suitable flavour for the story. Mr Smith gives a delightful description of his childhood, and particularly of his father, the Middlesbrough bricklayer who made such prodigious efforts to give his talented son the chances he never had himself. I particularly liked the story of the son, who was already a concert pianist, playing a Rachmaninov concerto over to his father:

> he said, in the familiar flat tone I remembered so well, 'Aye, very fair, very fair. In a few years tha'll be able to play that piece properly'.

There is also an entertaining account of his vain attempts to get to know a golden-haired girl whom he often saw at concerts:

> The programme told me her name. It was Phyllis Sellick. I wrote to her at once, a pompous, youthful letter putting forward the idea (which had only just occurred to me) that it was a good thing for young pianists to develop their abilities together, and asking whether she would consider playing with me on two pianos. Her reply was prompt, polite and disconcertingly to the point. She said No, she did not think it a good idea at all.

Then comes the success story, interesting enough in itself, and more so because it is followed by the account of his thrombosis which crippled his left arm during a visit to Russia in 1956, of his convalescence and return to concert playing in three-handed duets with his wife. It is all a very impressive achievement by a singularly pleasant man.

Christopher Hollis is also a pleasant man, and it is no use asking how somebody so pleasant and intelligent can be both a Tory and a Catholic convert, for the book will not answer you. The main reason clearly is that, like a lot of sensible people, he chooses his opinions mainly by seeing whom he will have to share them with, and was captivated by the wit and ardour of the Chesterbelloc. He is, in consequence, a happy, not a tormented Catholic, and lacks the masochistic conformism of the gloomy variety. He is capable of all sorts of very acute criticisms of Eton, of Tory policy, of the British way of life in general, and even of certain Catholic institutions. Perhaps he is best on Eton:

> Nothing is more important than to persuade successful men, who have themselves been educated at perfectly decent schools, to be content to send their sons to those schools, and not to think it a

mark of their own success in life that they must send their sons to Eton.

He hates capital punishment, hated Suez, and welcomes the (supposed) return of the Liberals. For all I can see he might just as well be one. He has written a very entertaining book.

Frontier Doctor is perhaps the most impressive of these lives, spoiled only by a certain stiffness of style. Sir Henry Holland is not a natural writer, but that cannot hide his extremely attractive and powerful personality. He has spent his life as a medical missionary on the North-West Frontier of India, working incessantly in the face of every kind of difficulty and, since the country is Muslim, with very little encouragement from converts. The Zeitgeist does not know what to make of medical missionaries; missions are so very out of date, doctors so extremely contemporary. Sir Henry, reaching internationl eminence as an eye-surgeon and refusing no end of lucrative posts in other countries to stay in his hospital at Quetta, ought to give it a most salutary headache.

MARY SCRUTTON

Is Assassination Worth It?

Heyday for Assassins. By JOHN WILLIAMS. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Assassination, however morally indefensible, often has convenient results. When the assassin has a clear and feasible political objective, this is usually hastened by his deed, even when the immediate reaction intensifies the tyranny to which he is opposed. The murder of King Carlos V by Portuguese republicans speedily led to the end of the monarchy. The Phœnix Park murders were a landmark in Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule. The slaying of King Alexander of Serbia by his officers effectively ended the reign of the hated Obrenovich dynasty. Princip, by killing the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, ultimately secured his aim of uniting the South Slavs in one country. The killers of the Emir Abdullah wanted to make Jordan ungovernable; they succeeded. By chopping Nuri es-Said and King Feisal to pieces, the Iraqi officers' junta eliminated any chance of a counter-revolution, and thus frustrated the British intervention which must otherwise surely have followed.

This being so, it is a wonder that assassinations are not more common. Mr Williams, who covers the classic period of assassination, 1870-1914, in this entertaining if unscholarly book, argues that, with the development of modern security techniques, the task of the assassin has become vastly more difficult. It is true, of course, that in almost all the cases he discusses security was virtually non-existent. In addition, most of the victims he describes were fervent Christians who believed their lives were in the hands of God, and that no precautions would suffice once His protection was inscrutably withdrawn. This view, once the despair of the police chiefs, is apparently no longer held and such Christian rulers as Queen Elizabeth and President Eisenhower permit divine resources to be considerably augmented by more prosaic means.

On balance, however, the changes of the last fifty years have tended to favour the assassin. Ninetenth century killers were faced, for a start, with the problem of identification. In an age of florid uniforms and beards, it was often impossible to distinguish an emperor from his aide-de-camp, and one of the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish had to ask him his identity – getting a civil reply and a tip of the hat – a few hours before murdering him. Today, tele-

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vision and newsreels engrave ruling faces on every retina, and no foreign assassin, however ill-versed in our ways, could possibly mistake Princess Margaret, for instance, for Miss Iris Peake. State occasions, too, are now described, days before the event, in the most complex detail in all the newspapers, thus supplying the assassin with what, in the last century, he frequently lacked – the geography and timing of the route. Princip would never have killed the Archduke if Serbian Intelligence had not, indirectly, supplied him with news of the visit. And the route itself, thanks to modern traffic congestion, is now inflexible: the hordes of Detroit have made impossible those last minute changes of plan which in the past often frustrated conspiracy; while the exigencies of television ensure that appointed victims always arrive on the dot. Weapons, too, have enormously improved in range and reliability.

I do not believe modern security precautions effectively diminish the risks rulers run. At the 1935 Jubilee of George V, Mr Claud Cockburn and his accomplices succeeded in unfurling an objectionable banner immediately in front of the monarch's startled nose, and could clearly have done him to death had they so wished. Drunken sailors frequently succeed in climbing into Buckingham Palace. Kremlin security is, by all accounts, depressingly complete, but I was not impressed by General Serov's efforts when Mr Krushchev visited London. At his press conference in Central Hall which, to judge by slogans shouted out in Russian, was attended by several angry emigrés, assassination would have been feasible, if not easy.

The most watertight arrangements are those which hedge an American President on an overseas visit, for then they are not subject to the President's whims but ruthlessly enforced by a team of detectives acting on orders from Congress. At the Nato heads of state conference last year I decided that it would be impossible to assassinate Eisenhower, even for a 'screened' journalist like myself, privileged to enter at least part of the Palais de Chaillot. For the President arrived in the middle of three cars, driving bumper-to-bumper at high speed and surrounded by a platoon of outriders. As soon as the cortège stopped, at least 20 men, identically dressed in raincoats and felt hats, alighted, and during the ten seconds before they were all inside it was impossible to judge which was Eisenhower himself. Yet in the US itself, with the Congressional umbrella withdrawn, a President's life is full of hazards. Truman daily courted disaster by his invariable habit of taking a pre-breakfast walk. And Eisenhower takes appalling risks on the exposed wastes of the golf-course.

Indeed, I suspect the decline in assassination is due to quite other causes. The killers described in Mr Williams's book all believed that the removal of an individual would somehow usher in the millennium. Nowadays not even madmen entertain such illusions. Even the most fanatical Aldermaston marcher knows that, if Mr Sandys were eliminated, a faceless regiment would be ready to take his place. The anti-individualist doctrines of Marxist-Leninism have sunk so deeply into the minds of all of us – whatever our political views – that we now believe that only the destruction of whole classes or societies can effect historical changes. Ironically, then, the Russians, who perfected assassination, have supplied the ideological basis for its decline. Indeed, it is no accident that the practice lingers on mainly in the Middle East, where individuals still bestride events and men still believe in miracles.

PAUL JOHNSON

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News from the Boozing-ken

With a Jug of Wine. By MORRISON WOOD. *Muller*. 18*s*.

Russian Cookery. By NINA and GEORGE FROUD. *Faber*. 16*s*.

Old Warsaw Cook Book. By RYSIA. *Spearman*. 21*s*.

Shopping for Food. By RACHEL and MARGARET RYAN. *Harvill*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Food for the Rich. By PAUL REBOUX. *Blond*. 30*s*.

German Wines. By FRANK SCHOONMAKER. *Oldbourne*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

A Dictionary of Wines, Spirits and Liqueurs. By ANDRÉ SIMON. *Jenkins*. 16*s*.

A Book of Burgundy. *Lund Humphries*. 63*s*.

The Compleat Imbiber, 2. Edited by CYRIL RAY. *Putnam*. 25*s*.

The publishing of cookery books is economically a most mysterious trade; who buys this annual spate of indistinguishable books, all rephrasing the same old recipes, all undistinguished in style – or, if distinguished, distastefully so? Read Mr Morrison Wood, for example, in his not particularly noticeable American book:

> At La Maison Wood, when we dine *en famille*, we always have two cocktails apiece with our own special canapés. . . . They are the most taste-teasing, tantalising and terrific canapés I have ever tasted (I know I'm immodest, but please forgive me).

Out of all the scores put before me for review, I only hesitated over two because they promised some information on national cuisines, a subject on which something new might perhaps be found to be said. But the Frouds' book only confirmed something that Karl Radek once told me. In 1931 I was part of a Fabian delegation visiting Russia, and he was still the editor of *Izvestia*. We could not, in our innocence, understand why he would not talk politics to us, but delivered a lecture on Russian cooking, which (he said) did not exist. All so-called Russian cooking was aristocratic, consisting of dishes invented for the pleasure of noblemen and cooked in their kitchens; but the cooks were all Poles, Austrians or Belgians who called themselves Frenchmen. When the revolution came they all ran away. There was nobody left to cook a decent meal, and no Russian dish of interest remained except perhaps the pancakes called *blinis*. This appears to be still true; but on turning hopefully to 'Rysia's' book, one finds that only a small portion of it consists of Polish recipes, and the rest is a ragbag of recipes from anywhere. Still, it is more helpful than most; but in fact the only book that deserves a warm commendation is the Ryans'. It tells what it has to say plainly, accurately, and without any giggling archnesses or florid writing. It says what are the cuts of meat, how to choose them, and what to use them for; what the variously named fish sold are, how to tell if they are fresh, and in what sizes they are best; lists and describes cheeses; and so on. That is to say, it is a practical handbook for a young housewife on a branch of housekeeping which she is supposed to know instinctively, but doesn't.

Food for the Rich is the silly title which has been given to a far from silly book. Paul Reboux is one of the wittiest writers on gastronomy in France (and therefore in the world) and 30 years ago he wrote a book which contained, first, some amusing but not profound reflections upon cookery and, secondly, the menus and recipes for 50 or more dinners for special occasions – for the vicar, for poor relations from the country, for the man who got you your O.B.E., and so on. It is as practical as it is amusing; I am glad it has been re-translated. A pity the publisher didn't ask him to revise it; there could have been some interesting post-war dinners.

The same overproduction is, to a lesser extent, observable in books on wine. There are dully written rehashes of the standard material, which it is kinder not to review; apart from them there are only two categories of wine book. One is the specialised book, usually with no grace of style, giving the reader detailed information which he needs to have on subjects where the passage of time has made previous accounts out of date. Two of these are Mr Schoonmaker's and M Simon's. Mr Schoonmaker is an American who was almost the only native, when Prohibition was repealed, to have any knowledge of wines and to use it in the press; he has retained from those days a pontifical manner, and I think some wine-growers will call his verdicts on the various hocks fairly arrogant. But his book is detailed and careful and I am glad to have it on my shelves. M. Simon is, of course, the venerated dean of oenography and has written many books, all of more grace than the Schoonmakers will ever know. This is apparently a re-edition of an index to wines, cocktails, and so on, that he published some years ago; most useful, but when will he re-edit his *History of the Wine Trade*, which is what we all are waiting for?

A Book of Burgundy is an example of the second category – the wine books which are justified by their beauty of presentation, if at all. Here the attraction is the 30-odd lithographs by Denis Mathews (the letterpress is nothing). These are superbly reproduced – by what process I do not

know, but it is sufficiently remarkable to repay studying under a magnifying glass and is perhaps more interesting in the black-and-white than in colour. *The Compleat Imbiber* is the second issue of a miscellany sponsored by Gilbey's, and it is, quite briefly, charming The contributors range from Angus Wilson to James Laver, and there are very few of their articles, poems or stories which are not amusing and polishedly written. The best, to my choice, is Mr T. E. B. Clarke's montage of strange Victorian illustrations to make a warning biography of a toper; I keep re-reading it. Some of the articles have only a slight connection with wine; my own, indeed, moves me to a sad reflection on the present condition of the Socialist press. It is odd that when I think I have something to say about the personality and policy of Stafford Cripps, the only place I can say it is Gilbey's Annual.

RAYMOND POSTGATE

The Greek Experience

Alexander's Path. By FREYA STARK. *Murray.* 30*s.*

Mani. By PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR. *Murray.* 18*s.*

First Steps in Greece. By PATRICK ANDERSON. *Chatto & Windus.* 25*s.*

A good traveller does not, I think, much mind the uninteresting places. He is there to be inside them, as a thread is inside the necklace it strings. The world, with unknown and unexpected variety, is a part of his own Leisure; and this living participation is, I think, what separates the traveller and the tourist, who remains separate, as if he were at a theatre, and not himself part of whatever the show may be.

Miss Freya Stark can astonish us no more. She has long been the first of contemporary English travel writers and this record of her wanderings by jeep and on horseback among the shores and uplands of Cilicia and Pamphylia is as near perfect as such a narrative can be. Arrian and Curtius in hand, she sniffs her way along the coast, inversely in the wake of Alexander. Her aim is not to plot the movements of a great campaign, but rather to keep time with a few mysterious and unchronicled weeks in the life of the young commander. From the moment she vaults over the thighs of the Turkish Colonel's wife to secure a window-seat on the road from Castabala, she holds us mesmerised – a female Odysseus, the very complication of whose gifts (tongues, resource, a unique blend of fastidiousness and rough living, a wild eye for beauty and a devouring historical imagination) is offset by a strong but, one suspects, a basically uncomplicated personality.

As always, she imbues us with something of her own energy, sending the reader chasing after a line in the Georgics or prompting him to energetic reflection – or to funerary meditation. Whether she is informing us that the colonnaded street is a Hellenistic invention or that the 'proverbial loutishness' of Soli gave our language the word 'solecism', Miss Stark is adept at laying her reviewers open to the charge that they are being paid to conduct their educations in public. A description of the locomotion of camels or of a bride's trousseau encountered on a hillside, a discussion of the difference between the traditional Arab and the 'mid-Victorian' Turkish psychology of the harim, a bitter musing on the fact that 'not Pandora, but some Ideology probably first opened the box of troubles' – her spirit is rich and indomitable and her book is an instructive delight.

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GEORGE ALLEN AND UNWIN LTD

If Miss Stark is the doyen of her profession, Mr Leigh Fermor is the best travel writer of his generation. His new book is the first part of an ambitious and idiosyncratic attempt to explore the Greek world in depth in a series of private invasions 'directed at the less frequented regions, often the hardest of access and the least inviting to most travellers, for it is there that what I am in search of is to be found'. In this volume he is concerned with 'the remote and barren but astonishing region' of the Mani, the middle prong of the fork that comprises the southern Peloponnese, a peninsula of some forty miles that ends at Cape Matapan. Swarthy, hospitable, professional dirge-makers, soaked in the memory of ancestral blood feuds, Mr Leigh Fermor found the Maniots a dark, companionable people. He has woven a dense and beautifully written pattern around them – a pattern composed partly of his own quiet but gifted observation, partly out of the store of mythi-poetic gossip and imagining distilled by village elders, sitting out the hot afternoons telling their beads and their stories, rather like the old men on the wall in Homer.

'Dirges, yes, wonderful dirges!' cried the great Katsimbalis (himself something of a modern myth, as readers of Henry Miller will remember) back in Athens, 'and I believe they have extraordinary bullfights!' Mr Leigh Fermor didn't find any bullfights but he found plenty of other things to excite his eye and imagination, and his talent for brilliant digression. He also found what may possibly be the last of the Palaeologi and this in turn leads to a magnificent burst of historical surrealism that must be read out loud to fellow Byzantinophiles to be appreciated properly. But it is in his quieter moods that Mr Leigh Fermor's writing excels and here that he comes closest to Miss Stark: for example, in his description of the day dying over the Messenian Gulf or of the two 'ikon-faced' little girls that he met in the heart of the Taygetus mountains.

Mr Leigh Fermor is, as they say, a natural; Mr Patrick Anderson, though his earlier books are of considerable distinction, is not. Perhaps it is unfair to compare him with two such masters of the art, but I can't help feeling that his publishers were ill-judged to send him on a few weeks' trip to Greece and suggest that he write a book about it. The Greeks have never been ones for self-consciousness – nor is it a self-conscious landscape – and Mr Anderson is more aware of himself than any traveller that I have ever read. 'I wouldn't have thought that anyone but myself, with my awful talent for hysteria, would have sensed the lunatic possibilities in this tranquil golden air . . .'; etc., etc. He is also horribly arch, much given to words like 'randy' and 'bonny' and his style generally is that of a sensitive 'rattle' – smart, chatty, and to one reader at least, totally depressing. His reactions to what he considers the hackneyed – to the Parthenon, or to *retzina* (how dare he call it 'an acceptable and refreshing drink!') is one of snip-snap patronage. True, he goes back – without his friend O. this time – to have another look at the Acropolis and no doubt the horsemen and the caryatids are obliged to him. Mr Anderson, as he says, has an 'incorrigibly literary mind'. He reads Hesiod at Skopje and compares mountains to 'bullies and tremendous egoists, like Mr Ramsay in Virginia Woolf'. His introduction includes a gruesome Traveller's Code in which he describes his 'fondness for the shabbier, more "vital," more "characteristic" parts of towns', adding that 'apart from Forster's "vital mess" there may be some question of objective correlatives here – the Projected Mess, or Life As An Unmade Bed On Which One Has Made Love'. Mr Anderson's book is an all too untidy bit of bed or book-making.

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DENT

Lush and Not So Lush

Even More for Your Garden. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. *Michael Joseph.* 18s.

A Country Window. By RICHARD CHURCH. *Heinemann.* 16s.

Miss Sackville-West and Mr Church are near neighbours in West Kent, both are poets and both country-lovers; yet these two collections of weekly essays (from the *Observer* and *Truth* respectively) are as different as chalk from cheese – or, let us say, as carboniferous limestone from wealden clay. Of the two writers, it is Miss Sackville-West who seems the truer countryman; Mr Church is essentially a townee who chooses to live in the country, and, despite his sensitive appraisal of the 'sweet especial rural scene', he remains to some extent aloof from it. Thus, he is naively surprised at the æsthetic limitations of a neighbouring farmer whose new apple-refrigerator has spoilt the view from his house. 'It was the word *landscape* which still eluded him', Mr Church plaintively concludes, forgetting that 'landscape' is a toff's word, unlikely to find a place in the rustic vocabulary. Mr Church (who is known to the locals as 'that book-writer up the hill') is at his best, I think, in such pieces as 'Standing at the Gate', in which his poetic faculty is allowed to rove at large over the living woodlands and the vanished forest of Anderida. The mood, for the most part, is Georgian and mildly elegiac (so are the quotations), and these essays make agreeable if not very exciting reading. The prose, with its many echoes and its occasional archaisms, at its best suggests de la Mare; at its worst, one is uneasily reminded of William Boot's 'Lush Places' in the *Daily Beast*.

Miss Sackville-West has no truck with lushness, and her *Observer* pieces continue to be as pointed, witty and instructive as ever. Unlike most of their kind, they seem to improve with keeping, and I, for one, always find them more enjoyable in book-form than in weekly snippets. Skimming them on Sunday mornings, one doesn't always notice how carefully they are composed, nor how adroitly Miss Sackville-West manages to combine practical advice with evocative or amusing comment. She has a poet's eye for flowers, and she is a past-mistress of the brief, nostalgic anecdote – as when, for instance, speaking of *Gladiolus primulinus*, she recalls picking a bunch of wild gladiolus 'at sunset off a mountain in Persia and putting them in a jam-jar on the wooden crate that served as our supper-table in our camping place'.

JOCELYN BROOKE

Betjeman's Churches

Guide to English Parish Churches. Edited by JOHN BETJEMAN. *Collins.* 30s.

What varieties of embarrassment there are in entering a church! Some shiver in real antipathy, more dislike the smell for awakening guilt, others wish they could distinguish E.E. from Dec., and those who would like to kneel down because they are glad to have come into God's house probably don't for fear of being thought better or worse than they are. However, a great many do get in, unable to keep away from five hundred years of purposeful art in a free and graceful museum open even at lunch-time.

On the whole this book achieves its admirable purpose of saying which of our 16,000 parish churches are most worth seeing, and why they are so. Mr Betjeman writes a longish introduction with his customary genius for putting things plainly in witty images. In a lifetime of protecting churches he has become one of those amateurs (often bores if they are not poets) who really know what they are talking about. I foresee that a practical and pleasant result of this book will be a revival of lime-wash and plaster for damp-proofing country churches. And one enjoys his poet's talent for finding verses composed by himself a hundred years ago. Who but Betjeman could have written 'and caress Her boy – so rosy! – and so fatherless'? Nineteenth-century churches and church-life are the man riding his favourite horse better than ever. What I think is new in his published work is a moving chapter on the visual and religious appeal of the fifteenth century. It is difficult to feel all this so fervently and remain C. of E. The central sort of Anglican will look sadly for the church-life of George Herbert. Bemerton just isn't there. Some minor disagreements: looking at St Christopher doesn't save one from sudden death but from unprepared death; Latin is still inscribed on church bells in the present century – there is a good leonine at Lytchett Minster, *Rex vocor Edwardus, ne sis ad limina tardus;* and it is careless to advise people to 'struggle about in the wooden cage in which the bells hang among the bat-droppings in the tower'. Bells, if they have been left 'up', are as dangerous as 20,000 volts.

The county essays which divide the lists of annotated churches are masterpieces of topography. J.B. writes many of them himself and has inspired his contributors with his flair for fusing into living language geology, history and the life and look of 1958. For the churches them-

selves the four thousand entries have to be very short. The editor's orders to be visual and to catch the spirit of the church as well as to name its antiquities have often been cleverly followed – sometimes not. For St Magnus Martyr even J.B. slips into 'a wealth of magnificent woodwork and ironwork' instead of quoting Eliot's 'Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold'. The ambience of a church is too often left out, *e.g.* the holy well at Cerne Abbas, specific for fertility; and it is untruthful to write of Thaxted without mentioning the painted banners and waggon-wheels or saying that it is an exciting centre of Christian Socialism.

Excellent as a book to show where to begin with unknown churches in a new county, it is often no guide at all to those you know and like. Within three miles of me as I write are the parish churches of Sturminster Newton, Manston, Hammoon, Childe Okeford, Shroton, Hanford, Iwerne Stepleton, Stourpaine and Durweston. Though each of them has beauties as individual as the village names, there is room for none of them in the guide. Nor is it much comfort to find the modest church at Shilling Okeford on the other side of the Stour called 'prayerful' and starred. Evidently a new edition must curtail the splendid introduction and county essays (they can appear in Mr Betjeman's Collected Works) and set about its business of guiding us to English parish churches in a more generous ratio than one in four. The photographs are notably good. The calligraphy and loving-kindness of Mr John Piper's drawings will perhaps excuse their lack of the most important quality of a church, which is depth.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

—And Betjeman's Verses

John Betjeman's Collected Poems. Compiled by LORD BIRKENHEAD. *Murray.* 15*s.*

Three cheers for Betjeman the celebrator of oil-lit chancels and barge-boarded country stations; two for the recorder of nostalgia in Brentford, lost innocence in Norfolk; not much of a cheer for the Betjeman who looks at the social scene today; and no cheers at all for Lord Birkenhead, who does no service to this excellent writer of light verse by claiming too much for him. I can't think that he is likely to win Mr Betjeman new admirers by remarks like 'one who has always stood aloof and alien among the modern poets upon many of whom the autumnal blight of obscurity seems finally to have settled'. Whom is he talking about? Empson or Auden? Larkin or Enright?

But readers who are already at home in the Betjeman demesne can skip such guidance and take a turn on their own to enjoy again the views of Aldersgate Station, Camberley pines, Westgate, Croydon, Trebetherick sands, misty Kildare, and all the churches from Early English to Butterfield Gothic. As a poet of church architecture Betjeman owes a good deal to Hardy (how much he looks to Hardy altogether!), as a poet of the C. of E. service he owes a little to John Meade Falkner (though he is never, like Falkner, unwittingly funny); but the rest of the Betjeman country is, as far as poetry is concerned, pretty much his own discovery. And though he has freely borrowed other men's forms and rhythms, at his best he speaks through them in a voice that is original and personal – especially when he contrasts metre and content, using rhythms that recall Tennyson's *Tithonus* to describe the Hanks's Hop, dwelling on the decay of the body to the beat of *John Gilpin* in *Portrait of a Deaf Man.*

Mr Betjeman's satire works very well when he

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deals with the corruption of something he loves, when his anger and scorn are the reverse side of his loyalty and affection: it works much less well when he is dealing with a scene or an institution he doesn't love and looks at from the outside. Besides the sharpness of *In Westminster Abbey*, based on understanding –

> Although dear Lord I am a sinner,
> I have done no major crime;
> Now I'll come to Evening Service
> Whensoever I have the time.
> So, Lord, reserve for me a crown,
> And do not let my shares go down–

– *The Planster's Vision* seems a bit crude:

> I have a Vision of The Future, chum,
> The Workers' flats in fields of soya beans
> Tower up like silver pencils, score on score:
> And Surging Millions hear the Challenge come
> From microphones in communal canteens
> 'No Right! No Wrong! All's perfect, evermore.'

Wide as his sympathies are when he looks back, embracing the brick chapel as well as the Norman font, he seems to find the present full of things he doesn't like and, not liking, doesn't want to know about. And when, as in *Middlesex*, he sets the present up against the idyllic past, the poem tends to split in two: the quality of perception is much sharper on the one side than the other. His poems evoke curiously linked responses; we have to remind ourselves that gas-light and holiness don't always go together, nor new suburbs and half-baked atheism, that bad taste in furnishing need not be a sign of vulgar feelings.

Mr Betjeman can cast a charming nostalgic glow on a landscape, but doesn't pierce us with a truth about it: compare his poems on Cornwall or Ireland with Auden's *In Praise of Limestone*, or Eliot's *Rannoch, by Glencoe*, or MacNeice's *On These Islands*. He can convey the familiar warmth of a C. of E. service (Tortoise stove and Stanford in A), but he doesn't make us feel that this is an experience of any great relevance to the world outside the church. Indeed, Betjeman's church seems more of a shelter where he can shut the door on science, mass-production and other uncomfortable things than a place which has something to say to a world where the uncomfortable things have to be dealt with. It is this same sense of writing from within a personal and particular shelter that gives a bad taste to some of his social verses. The Betjeman I don't like is the one who, entrenched in superior taste and manners, makes rather nasty fun of people who 'Phone for the fish-knives, Norman' I don't like to see a writer who has been so good at opening our eyes to beauty in unexpected places putting his influence behind the U-nonsense, and lining up with those who go round tying labels on their fellow-men as if they were dealing with dead animals, not live humans. And if this seems a very heavy-handed way of dealing with verses which were originally set as a competition for *Time and Tide*, I can only say that Mr Betjeman reprinted them in his last volume and that Lord Birkenhead has chosen them for this collection. Mr Betjeman doesn't write off a church because of the bad taste in it:

> Absurd, truncated screen! oh sticky pews!
> Embroidered altar-cloth! untended lamps!
> So soaked in worship you are loved too well
> For that dispassionate and critic stare
> That I would use beyond the parish bounds . .

– and I wish he wouldn't appear to be writing off some millions of his fellow-humans because they say 'Pardon'.

JANET ADAM SMITH

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THE HOGARTH PRESS

Round-Up

Theatre

Both Stratford and the Old Vic have developed the habit of commemorating each season with an illustrated record of the several productions. The latest *Shakespeare at the Old Vic*, 5 (Hamish Hamilton, 25s.) completes the account of Michael Benthall's five-year plan which presented the whole of the First Folio. This volume starts with John Neville's Hamlet and ends with the Edith Evans-John Gielgud *Henry VIII*. Excellent photographs from Angus McBean, Houston Rogers, Tony Armstrong-Jones and David Sim. The commentary is entrusted once again to Mary Clarke, who writes thoroughly sensibly about the achievements of the Old Vic, her real affection tempered by a sound judgment.

In *Pieces at Eight* (Max Reinhardt, 21s.) one of the seven butchers of Broadway, Walter Kerr of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, reprints some of his criticism and causeries, selected, it would seem, to demonstrate that if he is indeed a butcher (which he strongly denies) he is a very gentle one. Too unstringent and discursive for my taste, but will appeal to his admirers. The indefatigable J. C. Trewin adds another portrait to Rockliff's Theatre World monographs, *Alec Clunes* (21s.). 'An interim report' as Mr Trewin justly calls it, it shows us an actor 'who knows the dimensions of great playing' but who still seems poised on the edge ready to dive in.

Ira Aldridge, the Negro tragedian of the early nineteenth century who was the first coloured actor a play the great Shakespearean roles in his native America and in Europe has (not surprisingly you may think) not before been given a substantial biography. Herbert Marshall and Mildred Stock, actuated by the most high-minded of motives, have repaired the gap in *Ira Aldridge: the Negro Tragedian* (Rockliff, 35s.). Immensely careful and detailed, their book besides celebrating a forgotten actor throws a number of interesting sidelights on the conditions of acting and the theatre in nineteenth-century Europe.

Three autobiographies, which at first glance might seem almost wholly unnecessary; and I admit to approaching them with a wary distaste only in the end to admit that the first I picked up, I simply could not put down: *Through Stage Doors*, by Sydney Blow (Chambers, 21s.). An actor and author of popular comedies like *Lord Richard in the Pantry*, Mr Blow has some treasurable stories of late Victorian and Edwardian personalities from John Ruskin to Marie Lloyd, and he tells them wittily and skilfully. Don't be put off by the unhappy notion of having the book illustrated in the *Punch* style of the period it sets out to describe.

Sir Kenneth Barnes, who put the RADA on the map by much the same methods as some Victorian Headmasters practised with their schools (interesting royalty, creating the right social cachet, making 'the profession' respectable) produces a story as orotund as his title, *Welcome Good Friends* (Peter Davies, 25s.). *Stars in My Hair*, by Reginald Denham (Werner Laurie, 21s.) is a pleasantly written chronicle, mostly of the commercial theatre, mostly between the wars, by an actor and producer of the period.

T. C. W.

Animals

Man's fantasies, myths and rituals about animals are as remarkable and as worth studying as the animals themselves. This unnatural history is the subject of E. A. Armstrong's *The Folklore of Birds* (Collins, 30s.) a highly original New Naturalist volume which includes in its subject index Cannibalism, Cinderella, External Soul and Witchcraft. The illustrations range from a photograph of Wren Boys in the Isle of Man to an Etruscan mirror with a representation of Aphrodite and the goose: will interest ornithologists, Freudists, anthropologists and others. So will Bernard Heuvelmans's *On the Track of Unknown Animals* (Hart-Davis, 35s.), but for this large book one must add mammalogists to the list of customers. This volume includes balanced, critical and documented accounts of the evidence on such mysteries as the 'abominable snowman' and the Moa, together with large numbers of good photographs and line drawings; it is also highly readable.

In default of a visit, during next summer vacation, to the remoter Venezuelan forests in search of *Ameranthropoides*, one may settle for a Mediterranean villa, supported by *The Underwater Guide to Marine Life*, by Carleton Ray and Elgin Ciampi (Kaye, 30s.). Though American, this will be a useful guide for swimmers under water, especially for those interested in fishes. The illustrations are numerous, and those in colour are especially good. But if one has to fall back on a Highland croft or a Sussex cottage, one might take W. S. Bristowe's New Naturalist *The World of Spiders* (Collins, 30s.) the creatures he describes (and beautifully illustrates) are studied mainly by amateurs (though few are as well-informed as Dr Bristowe), and they constitute a 'world' as beautiful and bizarre as anything more macroscopic. For younger readers Lilli Koenig's *Tales from the Vienna Woods* (Methuen, 18s) and Gerald Durrell's *Encounters with Animals* (Hart-Davis, 16s.) provide a gentle sort of true entertainment without sinning too severely against the canons of scientific zoology.

S. A. B.

THE LAST MEDICI

Harold Acton's youthful classic, now republished, shows 'a knowledge of the period that is unparalleled in its intimacy, a style of often dazzling brilliance, and a deadpan Gibbonian approach'—*The Spectator*

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—LAWRENCE DURRELL *Sunday Times*

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

James's Inheritance

THOSE of us who belong to the dissenting minority and who find the all-consuming Henry James of the late phase hard to engage, lead troubled lives. In *The Ambassadors* we stagnate among the gold. Elated by the first half of *The Wings of the Dove* with its devastating picture of the hard-faced Victorian rich and the cruising voices of its greedy hostesses, we find ourselves lost in the numinous strategy of betrayal and redemption. We pass from these melodramas to *The Golden Bowl*, and there we protest. The slow, imperial style has not been our difficulty; nor has the process. We baulk at the Narcissism, the monstrous even if splendid expression of self-love. It was not until I had read Henry James's latest American critic, Mr Quentin Anderson*, that I realised this had been my difficulty, being content to leave it at Gide's complaint that James's cognition was complete. The dissenters will find absolution if not justification in Mr Anderson's important and illuminating book. It is a work of real originality, the result of wide reading and the fruit of a mind that has no trouble with metaphysical subtleties, and it is well written. Mr Anderson does not treat us to one more essay in literary criticism. He accepts the work of the best judges and moves on to another field. He is concerned with the sources of Henry James's ideas, with the forming and changing of his moral outlook, and his final return – dated by his failure in the theatre – to the spiritual cosmology he had begun with; but James is not treated as a 'thinker'. The effect of belief is closely followed in the writing of the novels. A purely American ethos, he shows, was at work in a good deal of James's work, as certainly as it was in Herman Melville.

I have no doubt that Mr Anderson's book will profoundly affect Jamesian criticism. Its argument cannot be summarised easily, for it is elaborately conducted; but it can be suggested. I have only one immediate criticism, not of the main contention, but of some esoteric items in the method. The critic who finds clues and symbols in the names of characters, as Mr Anderson does, is playing a dangerous psychological game. Mrs Assingham may have deserved her name; but must we really see a cloacal symbol in the name of Mrs Condrip? Is Croy a devourer because his name is Lionel; and is Croy itself Yorc in reverse, meaning the reverse of the New York purity of Milly Theale? And although all may be allegory in James, must we really believe that the date 1713, in Gothic letters over the gate in *The Golden Bowl*, refers to the union of the one in seven, man, with the one in three, God? Instinct calls out a Johnsonian 'No, sir'.

The title of Mr Anderson's book supplies the clue. The expatriate and cosmopolitan who thought the American scene inadequate for the full purposes of the novelist, was an American who remained the American of his time and place of upbringing. He was lastingly imbued with the ideas derived from his father's version of Transcendentalism; they may be found explicitly in the character of Gabriel Nash in *The Tragic Muse*. The ideas which William James the thinker rejected, Henry the artist took over whole. They wore thin in the middle period, but returned transposed in full force at the end. The fundamental thing about Transcendentalism is its hostility to the European tradition. The elder James's version of it is called by Mr Anderson 'the bootstrap myth'. It is the myth which took the place of rejected institutional religion and conventional forms for the generation of James's father. Where a European in the same dilemma became a rationalist, James became a variant of the Emersonian metaphysician. We follow Mr Anderson through this labyrinth and emerge with the idea that the myth is 'an empirical or perhaps a democratic idealism'. Its visions, even its laws, are discerned by the artist or poet who expresses 'life in its sources'. The belief in the myth still crops up as an ingredient in the American outlook. Mr Anderson's definition must be given:

> I should describe this species of idealism as attributing to individuals a capacity for insight into the nature of things so profound that men may be thought of in their plurality as incarnating an ideal order which will one day visibly prevail. Single and sundered as we are, we shall somehow lift ourselves by our spiritual bootstraps into a total order in which the qualities of each of us will somehow be preserved and be acknowledged by all the rest.

Gide complained that James's characters were 'winged busts'. The effect of giving primacy to individual consciousness – regarded as rational through and through – was to pack all history, nature, providence and morality into it, and to turn it into a register or (as Mr Anderson says, quoting Emerson) 'a transparent eyeball'. The opportunities to 'live' declined, and indeed the elder James divided man into the 'false self' with its animal and temporal desires and 'the spiritual individuality, more generally our style'. For the novelist such a teaching is obviously usable because it is dramatic and simple.

> As a thinker [Mr Anderson says] Henry James is an exquisitely ordered version of the most general manifestations of the culture of his origins. The questions he raised in his work about the use and the worth of possessions, the standards of individual accomplishment, the cultural ties which bind man to man, the function of art in realising human potentialities, all are answered as his father answered them. His sense of history is just as unhistorical as his father's or Emerson's, and for the same reason. The past was a record of man's situations in the universe and an indication of his prospects; the actual plurality of pasts, the actual discontinuities, the sharp reminders of human limitations history contains, meant little to a man endlessly weaving a web of aesthetic and moral order. James's mode of recording the inescapable anomalies of human life, death, evil and sex is incompatible with a tragic view, or indeed any view which acknowledges the main stream of the Western tradition.

The European believed in the Law and the Forms; the American that the Law was but the scaffolding of the 'glorious tabernacle of individualism universalised'. European manners and artistic achievement came to stand for 'the realm of the particular'; American spontaneity and good faith for that of the universal. One must be American enough 'to be called to account for the use of one's experience'; European enough to have known 'the realm of represented experience'. The Jamesian character is one whose 'values must be created from moment to moment through his fidelity to the meaning he finds in the world'. There are two ways of taking life, for Henry James, as Mr Anderson says at the end of his discussion of *The Golden Bowl*: two loves, two vessels – one 'holds life in style' – *i.e.*, in spiritual individuality; the other 'constrains it through desire, convention or force'.

Seen from the standpoint of these simple and hopeful beliefs which his genius enormously enriched, James becomes a deeply entrenched American. They are dormant in much of his work. Mr Anderson does not find the influence of the 'bootstrap myth' in *The Bostonians*, for example, an American novel but done in the open, Balzacian tradition. No metaphysic here. Nor does the myth energise *The Europeans*, *Washington Square*, *The Reverberator*, *What Maisie Knew* or *The Awkward Age*. Constricted and airless he thinks the last two and I am glad he has said it. What is to be said of the masterpiece, *Portrait of a Lady*? For Mr Anderson's Isabel Archer is a changeling and if this is so I would say it is to her advantage. She is a character in the process of refinement, he thinks, on the way to becoming Milly Theale. At the end of the novel her life as an adult is beginning. It is a matter on which many readers have had doubts. The true 'bootstrappers' are the final novels. And here we meet the comment of Mr Anderson that gives a little comfort to the dissenters. After *The Tragic Muse* the son came once more under the dominion of the father, recognising that his views were incomplete, not that they were wrong.

> Biographically, this may mean that the failure of the playwriting effort was the failure of an effort to escape from the American heritage; and that the full surrender to his father in the last three completed novels is a defeat, from the point of view of both biography and criticism. The novelist himself had become the great explainer.

And is not that what art has not to do – explain? Even though, as in Henry James's case, the explanation is magnificently enacted by a sensibility that was equal to the range of thought he opened to it?

The bent towards allegory, fable and the metaphysical has been of great importance in the American tradition because of the American need to create a sense of personal identity. If we were to speak of Henry James as the detached or impersonal poet-artist, it would not be because he felt the impulse to be one in the European fashion. His impulse, if Mr Anderson is right, is committed. His father's metaphysic worked against him in leading him to stress cognition and communication by seeing, speaking and writing. And there is a grave paradox in the father's view of the world: if man is a collection of glittering individual particles, refining his

* *The American Henry James*. By QUENTIN ANDERSON. *Calder*. 25*s*.

differences until ultimate universal harmony is reached, then his industrious habit of refinement becomes a general stamp which makes all alike. How often, in the later novels, do we feel that the characters are screwed up to a common articulateness, so that even Milly Theale and Kate Croy do not seem, after all, so very different, but complementary aspects of a problem. Consciousness, from the novelist's point, is the great heightener to the extent of being, in effect, a leveller. His later novels become monologues. To this European reader, the worldliness of Henry James is more realised in his novels than the other-worldliness. There is another difficulty – inherited from his father – in the attitude to women. Partly this attitude is of the period; but Henry James seems to have held to a passive attitude to women. The male submitted and idealised. The woman who submitted was an object of lust. The reflections that ensue from this doctrine are the kind we might gather from the crudest melodrama; the fact that James, in his genius, is able to transform his melodramas into works of incomparable subtlety, cannot disguise the basic evasion or its moral convenience. But, says Mr Anderson – and I take this to be the simple moral of a searching and upheaving book – James's humanism, and his belief that the world can be saved by American good faith (which somehow is never shown to degenerate into practicality and cynicism) have become obscured for us because his critics have not realised the devout simple-mindedness which fuelled his complex art.

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The New Cambridge Modern History. Vol. II: The Reformation 1520-1559. Edited by G. R. ELTON. *Cambridge.* 37*s.* 6*d.*

Reformation and Reaction in Tudor Cambridge. By H. C. PORTER. *Cambridge.* 52*s.* 6*d.*

We must be thankful for small mercies. The current fashion for reducing history to a sort of cloud-landscape in which nobody knows where anything begins or ends, or what it means, or whether it is there at all, has so far stopped short of the Reformation. The *New Cambridge Modern History*, which pays a tribute to this removal of landmarks elsewhere, has sturdily refused to shut its eyes to the cohesion of the age between c. 1520 and 1560. What holds this period together is not merely one type of religious controversy. This was the age when Antwerp was as indispensable and monopolistic a headquarters of western trade and finance as London was to be in the nineteenth century, and when international bankers (like the nineteenth-century Rothschilds) temporarily became something like independent political forces. It was the age of Charles V's empire and the struggle between Habsburg and Valois, in which both sides tackled problems too complex for the structure of their states, bankrupting themselves and their creditors. It was the generation of passion and social revolution, when the art and philosophy of courtly humanism seemed to be swamped by a revival of barbarian sermonising and theological controversy 'into which' as the editor observes, 'the learned themselves rushed rather than were drawn'. Seemed, rather than was: for the obvious relapse into cruder forms of ideology, natural enough at a time when intellectual matters are first democratised, masked the preparation of even greater humanist achievements. The artisan-technologists of the sixteenth century laid the foundations for the mathematical revolutionaries of the seventeenth; the translators, preachers and hymn-writers prepared the great vernacular literatures of the North. Even the chronological boundaries of the period are reasonably clear. Luther, the election of Charles V, Magellan's departure for the west and the Turkish conquest of Belgrade make a good enough start; Charles's retirement, the double bankruptcy of France and Spain (and the consequent or subsequent decline of Antwerp), Elizabeth's succession, a good enough finish.

Unfortunately the design of the Cambridge Modern makes it almost impossible to see the history of Europe as a whole, let alone that of the world. (No serious attempt is made, by the way, to deal with extra-European countries except in so far as their history overlaps with ours.) Several individual chapters make excellent syntheses: Koenigsberger on the empire of Charles V, Luetge on agrarian history, Bindoff on Antwerp, Cantimori on Italy and the Papacy, Hall on science. But not even the editor's judicial summing-up can pull the whole thing together. The book as a whole remains a chunk of time, some of which has been sliced up into chapters, though probably a more successful job of its kind than the other two volumes in the series so far published.

So much was to be expected. However, it is a little startling to find that in some respects the *CMH* of 1958 marks a distinct retreat from its predecessor, which was pretty out of date fifty years ago. Thus the old volume devoted a chapter to 'Social Revolution and Catholic Reaction in Germany', including some fifteen pages on the Peasant War, which the new one dismisses in one remarkably inadequate paragraph. The old volume presented the German events of 1533-5 as some sort of coherent phenomenon: an interplay of social revolution (as in Muenster, Luebeck and Denmark) with the Hanseatic League's effort to reassert a declining trade supremacy by an alliance with the revolutionaries. The new one seems unaware that these events can be connected, or that some of them took place at all.

Some of these deficiencies are no doubt due to the bad policy of handing over most of the chapters on the continental Reformation to theologians. Professor Betts's lucid essay on Poland, Hungary and Bohemia shows what can be done by scholars with less specialised interests. But clearly, there are other reasons for such omissions. Do they spring from a growing reluctance of historians to draw the threads of men's economic, social, political and ideological activities together into the single web of their history, which is more than the juxtaposition of chapters on each subject? Or to admit any sense of direction in history? Or to recognise a revolutionary crisis when they see it, even an abortive one? If the history of the past half-century were to be written on the lines of this volume of the *Cambridge Modern*, it would make very odd, and very muddled, reading.

Reformation and Reaction in Tudor Cambridge is local history about a subject of national and international importance. It will interest the expert on the English Reformation, the amateur of Cambridge, and the reader with a taste for the bizarre forms of donnish behaviour. Both books live up to the remarkable technical standards of the Cambridge University Press.

E. J. HOBSBAWM

A Spanish Medley

Spanish Literature in English Translation. Edited by SEYMOUR RESNICK and JEANNE PASMANTIER. *Calder.* 42*s.*

This ambitious anthology seems to have been bred by Enthusiasm out of Impossibility, and it was obviously no mean feat to bring it to the post at all. After that its performance is erratic. The editors have ranged wide, selecting representative highlights of everything written in Spain from the *Cantar del mio Cid* to poets as recent as Lorca and Rafael Alberti. They take in prose and drama, giving chapters from novels and – much more questionably – abridgements of plays which can yield little more than 'the story'. Still, the general plan promises happy and instructive browsing, and might provide it if there were enough good English translations to cover the ground. Unfortunately there are not. Claiming to have examined 'all available translations', the editors reprint work by many various hands, dead and alive. Side by side with English and American translators who have done their job with knowledge and feeling are included examples of the worst kind of pre-Wardour Street sludge. Twelfth-century epic poetry translated into Longfellowese (though Longfellow himself did good service, acting as a kind of timid nineteenth-century Pound) results in lines such as

> And fain she was to kiss his hand, and oh, she wept forlorn.

Verse naturally suffers most. The necessity of finding rhymes, which are much harder to come by in English than in Spanish, has led some of the chosen translators into total gibberish. Among well-known poems which are particularly disfigured by the rhyming itch are Espuonceda's *Condemned Criminal* (here called *The Condemned to*

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Die); Quevedo's biting *Letrilla* on *Don Dinero* (translated as 'The mighty Lord of Dollars' – a bad move because it involves the rhyme 'scholars', a word not hinted at in the Spanish), and Santillana's *Song of the Cow-girl of La Finojosa.* In this translation she becomes 'the charming milkmaiden' and acquires a euphonious name, Rosa.

The fact is that to translate rhymed verse into new rhymed verse which is at all like the original is an extremely rare gift, calling for more skill than most translators have got. Even when it is well done, it is questionable whether the almost inevitable distortion of other poetic qualities is not too high a price to pay for the resounding tinkle at the ends of the lines. If there is any considerable number of 'students of poetry' who feel attracted to Spanish verse without wanting to know any Spanish at all (and books like this necessarily assume that there is), they should be aware that a lot is missing in even the best rhymed translation.

Prose comes out rather better, though there are a number of pages here whose only interest is to serve as specimens. If the original was printed opposite, they could be used as cribs. Failing that, they lack the only other justification that a translation can have – that it is worth reading for its own sake. Apart from a few shining exceptions, it is clear that Spanish literature has not attracted translators of the same calibre as French, German and the classical languages. The main reason is lack of inducement. Not many Spanish books – at least among those written in the past 150 years – travel well or have enough inherent vitality to impose their own social and moral values on an alien public. The perverse originality of the Spanish mind, which exercises so strong an attraction in its own setting, gets watered down in transit into wrong-headed provincialism. The editors of this anthology speak of Spanish literature as 'a treasure-house'. This well-meant cliché covers a total misconception of what literature is and does. It is not a collection of more or less impressive exhibits, but if one did look at it in that way, it would still be a duty to go round it constantly, weeding out the pieces which had become mere curios. There are several of them in this book, looking more curious than ever in English translation.

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Persons as People

The Psychology of Social Class. By M. HALBWACHS. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Human Groups. By W. J. H. SPROTT. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

More than any other man, Marx introduced the concept of social class into modern thought: the phrase is used continuously from the *Communist Manifesto* onwards, yet it is never defined. Only at the end of the third volume of *Capital* does Marx begin the last chapter with the title 'The Classes', and ask: What constitutes a class? It may be, he suggests, that the division of society into wage-labourers, capitalists and landlords follows from the different sources of their incomes. But he immediately catches himself up with the thought that this may not be an adequate explanation. At that point, in brackets, Engels inserted the words: 'Here the manuscript ends.'

The failure of Marx to define precisely what he meant, and to show how the class-consciousness he assumes is formed, left a serious gap in his argument. It is all very well to observe that, broadly speaking, workers and capitalists seem to behave as Marx believed they would behave. But 'broadly speaking' is not good enough: Marxism does not explain why some of them do not fit into the pattern, why, for instance, patriotism should be stronger than class interest, or why some workers vote Tory and some capitalists may support social reform. It is one of the functions of social psychology to search out the answers to such problems, to test the assumptions that politicians make about human attitudes against the reality of behaviour. And this is not a mere academic exercise: if those assumptions are wrong – consider as an example, Krushchev's metaphysical concept of the working-class, which is the Hegelian 'divine idea' in overalls – then desperately wrong policies are liable to flow from them.

For this reason, the politician has to read carefully what the social psychologists have to say. They may, as in the US, prostitute their talents by devising new gimmicks to add to the armoury of the hidden persuaders. But they can also unmake a good many carefully constructed fallacies about the way individual persons behave when they are converted into 'people'. That is the first lesson of Professor Sprott's valuable Pelican. It ought to be compulsory reading for anyone who makes easy generalisations about 'workers' or 'farmers' or any of the other convenient collective nouns which we use as political shorthand.

It is, moreover, in precise contrast to the posthumous essay of Maurice Halbwachs, the pioneer French social psychologist who was killed by the Nazis in Buchenwald. Halbwachs has left us a thoughtful essay about the class attitudes of peasants, capitalists, the middle classes and the industrial worker. But, in the tradition of Marx and Max Weber, he treats these 'classes' as philosophical concepts. He writes about the psychology of peasants or entrepeneurs as generalised groups – a treatment which lends itself to good phrases, flashes of insight, and neat schemes of social attitude – whose collective behaviour is uniform and predictable. It may be so, but I merely point out that it seems so because it has been taken for granted, not because it has been conclusively demonstrated.

That is the second lesson to be learnt from Professor Sprott. Too much of the discussion about politics, that is the behaviour of man in society, has proceeded back to the individual from generalisations about the collective: there has been very little effort to re-think our conclusions by closer study of the particular. (That is why the work that Professor Titmuss has done on welfare services has proved such an eye-opener to many who simply took the blue-books at face value.) As a beginning, we have this volume on primary groups, in which persons meet each other face to face, and in which their relations, motives and responses can be studied in their simplest forms. If this explanation of 'group dynamics' seems forbidding, let me add that most of it is easy to follow, and that the reader will find himself checking the examples and arguments against his own experience. That is the real test of its value. It offers no simple profile of class behaviour, but it summarises a good deal of our knowledge about the inner and external compulsions which condition us when we associate with other men and women.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

New Novels

Turn Again Tiger. By SAMUEL SELVON. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

Of Age and Innocence. By GEORGE LAMMING. *Michael Joseph.* 21*s.*

The Wild Coast. By JAN CAREW. *Secker & Warburg.* 16*s.*

Mr Samuel Selvon, who has won a reputation for his stories of West Indians in London, is an Indian. In Trinidad, where he comes from, he would be called an East Indian. His first novel, *A Brighter Sun,* dealt with the early married life and struggles of an East Indian peasant called Tiger. This simple, lyrical and moving book is the best thing Mr Selvon has done. Now he has written a sequel.

Tiger's illiterate father has been made the foreman of an experimental cane-farm in a mountain village. Tiger goes with him to do the book-work and stays for a year. Little happens to him, apart from an involvement with the wife of the English supervisor. We learn much more about the village and the villagers. A book by Mr Selvon cannot fail to have its especial delights, but *Turn Again Tiger* lacks the unity, concentration and drive of its predecessor. It is nearer in structure to *The Lonely Londoners,* though a good deal less chaotic. Mr Selvon is without the stamina for the full-length novel, and he has here found the undemanding form which suits his talent best: the flimsiest of frames which can, without apparent disorder, contain unrelated episodes and characters. Tiger is only one of many characters. Some of the others are Negro and Chinese; treated in the superficial, Runyonesque way Mr Selvon has with non-Indians, they give the book life. Tiger develops in no way. The peasant eager for knowledge and tormented by doubts about its worth has become a bore. When Mr Selvon tries to re-enter the mood of his first book he only becomes repetitive.

Compared with Mr Selvon's London stories,

Turn Again Tiger may seem profound. Compared with *A Brighter Sun*, it seems in some respects rather spurious. It has, I feel, been 'angled' in the light of the current vogue for Race, Sex and Caribbean writing. Tiger's affair with the Englishwoman, with its obsolete hints of racial oppression and revenge, seems wholly out of keeping with the earlier book, which even contained a parable about the futility of this sort of feeling. One of Mr Selvon's assets is his comic, humane vision. This banal erotic episode belongs to something cruder, something commercial.

Mr Selvon is a natural writer, at times careless, at times awkward, but never dull. In lyrical mood, he is unique. He is also a fine weaver of the tall story. This begins with a small idea: the Chinese shopkeeper who displays a sign: 'Wife Wanted'; the Negro who usurps the village meeting-place under the *saman* tree (Mr Selvon makes this the 'salmon' tree) and sleeps there night and day. Lightly, conversationally, Mr Selvon develops the idea until it acquires all the charm of a folk-tale. His delight in these tales is obvious; that is part of their pleasure. Mr Selvon's gifts may not be important, but they are precious.

It is easy to understand the incomprehension which has greeted Mr George Lamming's third book. Mr Lamming is a Barbadian Negro, and unless one understands the West Indian's search for identity, *Of Age and Innocence* is almost meaningless. It is not fully realised how completely the West Indian Negro identifies himself with England. Africa has been forgotten; films about African tribesmen excite derisive West Indian laughter. For the West Indian intellectual, speaking no language but English, educated in the English way, the experience of England is usually traumatic. The foundations of his life are removed. He has to look for new loyalties.

I discovered that until then, until that experience, I had always lived in the shadow of a meaning which others had placed on my presence in the world, and I had played no part at all in making that meaning. . . . My rebellion begins with an acceptance of the very thing I reject, because my conduct cannot have the meaning I want to give it, if it does not accept and live through that conception by which the others now regard it. What I may succeed in doing is changing that conception of me. I cannot ignore it.

So speaks the newly-made politician of 'this feeling which had disfigured his innocence and separated him from himself'. The other attitude is one of detachment or 'disinclination'. Both attitudes, Mr Lamming states, are destructive; and coldly, step by step, he works out his tragedy of love and politics on a Caribbean island.

I thought this a better novel than *The Emigrants*. But Mr Lamming creates difficulties for the reader. He has devised a story which is fundamentally as well-knit and exciting as one by Graham Greene. But you have to look hard for it. Mr Lamming suppresses and mystifies; he shies away from the concrete, and grows garrulous over the insignificant. He is not a realistic writer. He deals in symbols and allegory. Experience has not been the basis of this novel. Every character, every incident is no more than a constituent idea in Mr Lamming's thesis; the reader's sympathies are never touched. San Cristobal, the imaginary island which is the setting of Mr Lamming's novel, could never exist. I can understand Mr Lamming's need for fantasy. His conception of the search for identity is highly personal; it has arisen from a deep emotion which he has chosen to suppress, turning it instead into an intellectual thing which is fine in its way, but would be made absurd by the comic realities of West Indian political life. Here is one West Indian writer who feels hindered rather than inspired by the West Indian scene. Mr Lamming is only thirty. He is one of the finest prose-writers of his generation. Purely as a work of fantasy *Of Age and Innocence* is really quite remarkable. It fails through its sheer unreadability. Mr Lamming should be warned by this that his best subject, as in *In the Castle of My Skin* and the first 50 pages of this novel, is himself.

Mr Jan Carew is a somewhat different writer. *The Wild Coast* deals with a Technicolored community in the Guiana jungle. Ostensibly it is the story of a boy growing up; but Mr Carew exercises little invention, preferring instead to exploit the novelty of his scene. Such twists of the plot as occur are conducted on a level of absolute comprehensibility; there is no mistaking Mr Carew's intention. The novel, Mr Carew's second in eight months, shows signs of haste. Revelations ('the man who cast this spell over me is your own father') are not followed up; infidelity is unpunished; and the final revelation ('Who was my mother?') is something of a disappointment But Mr Carew's subject is the jungle and he writes of it with feeling. His aim is to entertain he is always readable, and his novel is packed. He handles sex, insanity and violence with an ease which should divert his admirers.

V. S. NAIPAUL

The anthology of English verse compiled by John Hayward was first published as *The Penguin Book of English Verse* in 1956, and was then reviewed in our pages. Now it appears as it was originally planned, as the centre-piece to the series of Faber anthologies, under the title *The Faber Book of English Verse* (21s.).

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World Marxist Review

No. 4 December, 1958

The current issue is now available of this theoretical and information journal of the Communist and Workers' Parties, published in Prague, with an English edition published in London. Articles include:—

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More Spit than Polish

The British Aluminium affair has been coming slowly to the boil for some time; it has been common knowledge for months that a special buyer was at work in the market, ready to acquire whatever stock became available in sizable blocks and at a reasonable price. Last week, however, the bubbling became fiercer, and on Thursday the board of British Aluminium announced that 'discussions are taking place with other parties in the industry the outcome of which is as yet uncertain'. The price of the shares shot up another 11s. and the row was on.

The row is best seen against the background of the world aluminium industry. Aluminium is made from a little cheap and readily available bauxite and a great deal of electricity. Its manufacture, therefore, tends to be concentrated in places where there are sources of cheap hydro-electric power and in the hands of the few large corporations which can afford the very heavy capital expenditure involved. Rather more than 40 per cent. of total free world output is in the hands of the two giants, Aluminum Company of America (Alcoa) and Aluminum, Ltd., of Canada (Alcan), and rather more than 25 per cent. in the hands of two other American companies, Reynolds Metals and Kaiser Aluminum. British Aluminium, though it has large expansion schemes on hand—including a 60 per cent. interest in a Canadian project—is responsible for less than 3 per cent. On the other hand, British Aluminium holds about a third of the domestic market in aluminium products; another third is held by Alcan's subsidiary, Northern Aluminium, and about 10 per cent. by a company under the joint control of Reynolds Metals and Tube Investments, the Midlands engineering group.

Not so long ago, when the boom was on and aluminium was scarce, the fabricators were seeking to strengthen their individual links with producers. Now, when there is a considerable surplus of productive capacity, the producers are copying the example of the oil companies and seeking to develop the marketing side of their business. British Aluminium has attractions for all.

Back to the row. On Friday of last week a number of things became simultaneously and suddenly clear. First, it became clear that the main special buyer in the market had been Tube Investments with its friends and that Tube Investments was interested in acquiring control. Second, Mr Cunliffe, the deputy-chairman of British Aluminium (the chairman is Lord Portal), announced that he had signed an agreement with Alcoa, and that the latter had agreed, subject only to Treasury permission, to subscribe for the unissued shares of British Aluminium and so acquire a one-third share in its equity. Third, the chairman of Tube Investments, Sir Ivan Stedeford, summoning a hasty press conference, declared that he was ready to make a bid in cash and shares for the whole of the British Aluminium equity, that he had sent this bid to the board on 24 November, and that he had given notice of his intention to make a bid on 5 November. The City pricked up its ears. Sir Ivan's proposal more than justified the level to which the price of the shares had risen, Mr Cunliffe's made it look absurdly high.

The question of timing is of obvious importance. Mr Cunliffe let it be known this week that the Alcoa agreement was signed in the week beginning 10 November and described the Tubes letter as being of 'vague intent'. Tubes promptly countered by publishing the letter which it sent to the chairman of British Aluminium on 5 November. This was being sent before the chairman and deputy-chairman left for Canada, it declared, because 'we do not believe it would be in the interest of your shareholders that you should enter into any commitments which might adversly affect the offer we would make to your shareholders'. It referred to previous discussions and said that 'in deference to your wishes we did not proceed to put our proposals to you'; it stated plainly that Tubes was ready to make a cash or cash-cum-shares bid for the equity which would be attractive to shareholders 'not least in terms of market price'. There seems very little of vague intent about that.

The affair has still to be settled. Both proposals are subject to Treasury consent for foreign exchange and capital market reasons. But the Treasury showed in the case of Trinidad Oil that it is unwilling to interfere in these affairs on strategic-cum-dollar grounds (is there much to choose on paper between a 33 per cent. Alcoa holding, even if it carries effective control, and a 49 per cent. Reynolds holding?) and can hardly take sides in a City take-over squabble. Whatever happens—and there is probably still some good mud-slinging to come—two long-standing issues of principle have now been thrown into the headlines: have directors a duty to tell shareholders, particularly about bids? and, have directors a right to issue large blocks of capital, except to shareholders, without shareholders' consent?

TAURUS

Week-end Competition

No. 1,502 **Set by Allan M. Laing**

Competitors are invited to write an Ivy Compton-Burnett dialogue between an I.C.-B. child of seven and his (or her) rich I.C.-B. uncle (or aunt), on the subject of Christmas presents. Limit: 200 words; entries by *Monday*, 15 December.

Result of No. 1,499 **Set by Bystander**

The usual prizes are offered for a triolet on any colour.

Report

Which entry is best?
It's a problem to beat one.
It must be confessed
That to choose from the rest
Which entry is best
Bids fair to defeat one.
Which entry is best?
It's a problem to beat one!

Indeed, when I had rejected the witty verses that were not triolets and the witty triolets that made no reference to colour, I still had a mass of good entries. Reluctantly discarding at last Elizabeth Jackson's complaint about brown, J. R. Till's warning to Tooting nudists and J. Aitken's charming study in white, I found it impossible to choose between the final eight. So they have a guinea each. A shade less striking to my mind were entries from Jeremiah Sowerby, D. L. L. Clarke, A. M. Sayers, G. J. Blundell, Joyce Johnson and Allan M. Laing.

The colour of bronze
Denotes physical fitness.
You seldom find dons
The colour of bronze,
But mid-offs and mid-ons
Will bear excellent witness:
The colour of bronze
Denotes physical fitness.

LESLIE JOHNSON

We see them all as shades of grey,
The colours of these moonstruck times,
We have no blacks or whites today,
We see them all as shades of grey.
Our television screens display
Great sages, mountebanks and mimes;
We see them all as shades of grey—
The colours of these moonstruck times.

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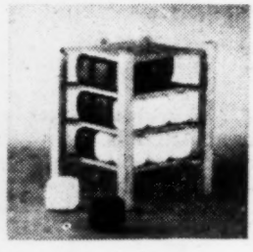

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Though fathomlessly black his eyes
I will not wed Abdullah.
Though dark they are as Tyrian dyes,
Though fathomlessly black his eyes
They cannot win for me a prize
For black is not a cullah,
Though fathomlessly black his eyes
I will not wed Abdullah.

F. C. C.

My new dress is mauve,
An elderly shade.
For evenings in Hove,
My new dress is mauve.
Mauve's not at all 'fauve',
But seemly and staid.
My new dress is mauve,
An elderly shade.

PHYLLIS AYKROYD (of Brighton)

My subject is Gentian,
A colour inviolate.
For a prize or a 'mention'
My subject is Gentian;
Bystander, attention
To pun and to triolet!
My subject is Gentian
A colour in-violate.

LYNDON IRVING

O yellow hair, where are the days we knew?
For I am jaundiced with an old desire.
Flax of my grief, and pollen of my rue,

O yellow hair, where are the days we knew?
The buttered eggs of orioles are not you:
I drink my Advocaat and still inquire,

O yellow hair, where are the days we knew?
For I am jaundiced with an old desire.

C. W. V. WORDSWORTH

I wanted canary
But this thing is mustard.
It is not a vagary
I wanted canary,
Like cream in a dairy
Or perhaps nearer custard.
I wanted canary
But this thing *is* mustard!

W. PARSONS

A fine old vintage colour, puce—
But would one really wear it
Save for a waistcoat which in use
(A fine old vintage colour, puce)
I'm told hides spots of damson juice
Blood ketchup Bortsch and claret—
(A fine old vintage colour, puce)
But would one really *wear* it?

P. M.

The Chess Board

No. 473. Kissed by his Team-mates.

A rare event, no doubt, for any chess master; but then, to score a win over Botvinnik may well be an even rarer event. It happened to Dückstein in the recent team tournament, and forthwith, his Austrian team-mates registered comprehensible exuberance by kissing their champion. It was the world champion's only loss and, indeed, the one and only 0 to be found against the name of any Russian competitor. Here's the game.

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) P-Q4, P x P; (4) Kt x P, Kt-B3; (5) Kt-QB3, P-Q3; (6) B-KKt5, P-K3; (7) Q-Q2, P-QR3; (8) 0-0-0, P-R3; (9) B-KB4, B-Q2 (P-K4?) (10) B-Kt3, B-K2 (11) P-B3, Kt-K4; (12) P-B4, Kt-R4; (13) B-K2 (P x Kt?), Kt x B; (14) P x Kt, Kt-B3; (15) K-Kt1, Q-Kt3; (16) Kt-Kt3, 0-0-0; (17) B-R5, P-Kt3; (18) B-B3, K-Kt1; (19) KR-K1, KR-K1; (20) R-K3, B-B1; (21) P-R3, Q-B2; (22) R-Q3, B-B1; (23) Kt-K2, P-KR4; (24) Kt(3)-Q4, P-K4; (25) Kt x Kt ch, P x Kt; (26) R-Kt3 ch, K-R1; (27) Q-Q3, K-R2; (28) Q-K3 ch, K-R1; (29) Q-Q3, K-R2. [The world champion would be well content with a draw by repetition]. (30) Kt-B3, B-K3; (31) Q-K3 ch, P-B4; (32) Kt-Q5, B x Kt; (33) R x B, R-Kt1; (34) P x P, R x P; (35) R x R, P x R; (36) R x R, K x R; (37) B-K2, P-R4; (38) B-B4, P-B4; (39) Q-Kt3 ch, K-B1 (Black must lose a P anyway); (40) B-K6 ch, K-Q1; (41) P x P, P x P; (42) Q-Q5 ch, Q-Q3; (43) Q-R8 ch, K-K2; (44) B x P, P-K5 [Desperately trying for some counter-chances on the black squares]; (45) Q x P ch, -KB2; (46) Q-B3, K-K2; (47) Q x P, Q x P, (48) Q-K2 ch, K-B3; (49) Q-K6 ch, K-Kt2; (50) B-K4, B-Q3; (51) B-Q5, resigns.

Not quite as unexpected a case of giant-killing was Unzicker's trenchant win over Reshevsky.

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, P-Q3; (3) P-Q4, P x P; (4) Kt x P, Kt-KB3; (5) Kt-QB3, P-QR3; (6) B-K2, P-K3; (7) 0-0, B-K2; (8) P-B4, Q-B2; (9) B-B3, Kt-B3; (10) K-R1, 0-0; (11) B-K3, Kt-QR4; (12) Q-K1, Kt-B5; (13) B-B1, P-K4; (14) Kt-B5, B x Kt; (15) P x B, QR-B1; (16) P-KKt4, P-K5; (17) Kt x P, KR-K1; (18) Kt x Kt ch, B x Kt; (19) Q-B2, B x P; (20) B x B, Kt x B; (21) QR-Kt1, Kt-R5; (22) R x P, Q-B5; (23) Q-Kt2, Kt-B6; (24) P-Kt5, R-Kt1; (25) R-Q7, R-Kt8? [Overlooking Unzicker's next but one move]; (26) R x R, Kt x R; (27) Q-K2! Q-B1; (28) R-B7! Q-Q1; (29) Q-B4, P-Q4; (30) B x P, Kt-Q7; (31) Q-B6, R-B1; (32) R x P, R x R; (33) P-Kt6, P x P; (34) P x P, K-B1; (35) P x R, Kt-K5; (36) Q-K8 ch, resigns.

This caused quite a stir, but it was by no means the only one, since the team tournament happened to produce a fair number of thrilling games. Hence it was an interesting event, apart from being the biggest yet, numerically.

The Russians were deservedly lionised, particularly young Tal who was much tipped as the world champion to come. When I asked him for his favourite among his many brilliancies he gave it some thought and then answered with a charming smile: 'My favourite game? Ah, but I haven't played it yet. May be I'll play it tomorrow.' There was some excitement about the fact that a famous old street half way between the Hotel and the tournament hall happens to be called 'Tal,' but I failed to convince the Russians that soon now Munich may have a Botvinnik Strasse and a Smyslov Platz.

As for our own men, apart from some disappointments here and there, they did rather better than could be expected, by fighting their way into the top group, with the Hungarians among the prime mourners left on the wayside.

Now here's an interesting ending achieved by our own Golombek against the Hungarian Honfi: 8/6Kp/5ppl/Kt1pp4/P2kt4/1P1P2P1/5K1P/8/. And here's how the British player won it.

(1) Kt-Kt7, Kt x P; (2) P-R5, P-B5; (3) K-K1, Kt x P; (4) Kt x Kt, P x P; (5) Kt-Kt3, K-R3; (6) K-B2, K-Kt4; (7) P-R3, P-B4; (8) Kt-Q2, P-R4; (9) Kt-B3 ch, K-B3; (10) K-K3, P-Kt4; (11) K x P, K-Kt3; (12) K-Q4, P-R5; (13) P-Kt4, resigns.

Finally, an amusing game won by the young American Lombardy against Finland's Böök.

(1) P-K4, P-QB4 [No shortage of Sicilians!]; (2) Kt-KB3, P-Q3; (3) P-Q4, P x P; (4) Kt x P, Kt-KB3; (5) Kt-QB3, P-QR3; (6) B-QB4, P-K3; (7) 0-0, B-K2; (8) B-K3, 0-0; (9) P-B4, Kt-B3; (10) P-B5, P-Q4; (11) KP x P, KP x P; (12) B-Kt3, B-QB4; (13) K-R1! [Threatening Kt x Kt] B-R2; (14) B-Kt1, R-K1; (15) Q-Q3, Kt-K4; (16) Q-Kt3, P-QKt4; (17) QR-Q1, B-Kt2; (18) Kt-K6! P x Kt; (19) B x B, Kt-B5; (20) B x Kt, R x B; (21) B-Kt3, P-Kt5; (22) Kt-R4, P x P; (23) Q-B2, R-R1; (24) Q x P, Q-B2; (25) P-B3, P x P; (26) Kt x P, R-K4??

Black's last move was a fatal mistake; and how he was instantly punished may well serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

B and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins for White. Usual prizes. Entries by 15 December.

B: Dainieko 1951

C: Isayev & Lewman 1926

REPORT on No. 469. Set 8 November

A: (1) Kt-Q5, Kt x Kt??; (2) Q x P ch, R x Q; (3) R-K8 ch-R-B1; (4) B x Kt ch., etc.
B: (1) K-Kt4, P-R7; (2) K-R3, B-B5; (3) K-Kt2, Kt-B7; (4) R-K2 ch! etc.
If (1) . . . Kt-B7 ch; (2) K-Kt3, followed by R-K7-KR7, etc.
C: (1) R-R7 ch, K-Kt5; (2) P-Kt7, R-QKt1; (3) K-Q4! (K-Q5?), R-Q3 ch; (4) K-K5, R-QKt3; (5) R-R1! K-B6; (6) R-B1 ch, K-Kt7; (7) R-B7, K-Kt6; (8) K-Q5, K-Kt5; (9) R-B1! K-R6; (10) R-R1 ch, K-Kt7; (11) R-R7. [Back again, but now the Black K is too far to guard the vital square C5.] K-Kt6; (12) K-B5, etc.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: E. A. Barclay Smith, W. H. L. Brooking, Harman, Sen. (J.H. of London), Harman, Jun. (M.G. of Oxford), J. J. Walsh, M. B. Yeats.

REPORT on No. 470. Set 15 November

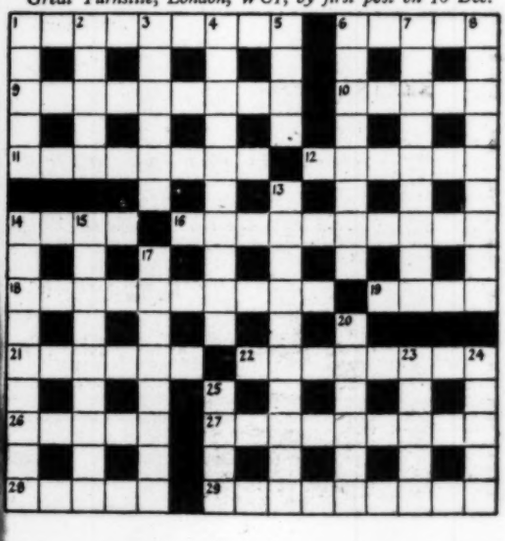
A: (1) Q x Kt ch! R x Q (K-Q2); (2) B x P mate.
B: (1) B-Kt2 ch, B-K4; (2) R-Q6! R-QKt1; (3) R-Q8 ch, K-Kt2; (4) R-QKt8! R-Q4; (5) P-K4!! etc.
C: (1) P-Kt6 ch, K-Kt2 (best); (2) B-B4! Q x B (forced); (3) R x P ch! Kt x R; (4) P=B ch!! (P=Q??), K x B (K-B1); (5) P-Kt7 ch, etc.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: C. Allen, R. C. Chaturvedi, D. E. Cohen, J. W. Ecelson, W. M. Hancock, J. Mitchell.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 332

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 332, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 16 Dec.



ACROSS

1. Equipped for rash needs perhaps (9).
6. If you put everything back in the wood you would make it fall down (5).
9. Secret order for a queer chap (9).
10. Clue for the frivolous (5).
11. 'A project for extracting —— out of cucumbers' (Swift) (8).
12. Capital in the bank a rare asset (6).
14. Famous physician puts these devils into a child (4).
16. Without the language what is not flat would be unexcavated (10).
18. The hut gave the game away for the explorer (10).
19. She could come back to have a meal (4).
21. Invisible thanks returned in season (6).
22. The people who are moving house carry the bed inside (8).
26. Perhaps I care for this woman (5).
27. The union to be fond of a striker (9).
28. The feminine of genius, according to Fitzgerald (5).
29. Criticise a weapon for saving society (9).

DOWN

1. Bands introduce nothing into dances (5).
2. Measure in an artist (5).
3. Team with a schoolboy at the top (6).
4. Inhabitant of fire (10).
5. Something soft for the county (4).
6. Muddled and clear table (8).
7. The college servant put up with the graduate and the cat in this play (9).
8. The sergeant died in a mêlée, cut off (9).
13. There is so ugly a mix-up on going through for this country (10).
14. Get a new idea about the sun in the red (9).
15. Plants for the industrious in the low country (9).
17. A valuable card in the identical trick (8).
20. Obstruction which spoils my site (6).
23. Praise in the next Olympics (5).
24. Gentleman who is horrific in his rising prejudice (5).
25. Diseases which given a quiet start provide their own cures (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 330

F	O	O	T	G	U	A	R	D	S	■	P	A	L	M
I	■	U	■	E	■	M	■	E	■	T	■	S	■	I
V	A	T	I	C	A	N	■	B	E	R	A	T	E	D
E	■	D	■	K	■	E	■	A	■	I	■	A	■	D
■	C	O	L	O	S	S	U	S	■	C	H	I	L	L
O	■	O	■	■	T	■	E	■	K	■	R	■	E	■
F	A	R	A	D	A	Y	■	D	U	L	L	E	S	T
F	■	■	I	■	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	E	■	■
P	I	A	S	T	R	E	■	G	O	D	L	I	E	R
U	■	D	■	T	■	Y	■	L	■	■	C	■	M	■
T	O	D	D	Y	■	E	M	A	N	A	T	E	S	■
T	■	I	■	B	■	R	■	D	■	R	■	F	■	R
I	N	S	T	O	N	E	■	W	A	R	F	A	R	E
N	■	O	■	X	■	S	■	I	■	O	■	L	■	E
G	A	N	G	■	S	T	O	N	E	W	A	L	L	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 330

N Doncaster (Baldock)
Mrs R. Simon (London NW3)
W. V. Chapman (Bodmin)

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

HOLLERITH
TRAINING AND EDUCATIONAL CENTRES

STAFF EXPANSION

Hollerith training and education services have long enjoyed a high reputation in the industrial and commercial worlds.

There are two residential centres devoted to training courses in the use and application of electronic and electro-mechanical punched card equipment for commercial purposes. In any one week some 270 people will be attending these courses.

At Moor Hall, Cookham, Berkshire, we have vacancies for

INSTRUCTORS

The essential qualifications for these posts are experience in teaching and some knowledge of business and commercial problems and procedures. Candidates should be men of not more than 40 years of age. Those selected will be given a preliminary course of training, which will start in February, 1959.

At Bradenham Manor, near High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire we have vacancies for

INSTRUCTORS IN COMPUTER TECHNIQUES

Applicants should be men of about 25 who have had some accounting experience. A qualification in accountancy is desirable, but not essential. Those selected will be trained in digital computer programming and in a wide range of computer applications. After completing training, they will give instruction in these subjects and study advanced accounting techniques using electronic data processing equipment.

ASSISTANT INSTRUCTORS

Two young women, between 20 and 25 years of age are required for these positions. Applicants must be interested in mathematics and should have passed the General Certificate of Education at 'A' level in this subject. A degree would be an advantage. Successful applicants will be trained in digital computer programming. After completing their training their time will be divided between actual programming work and assisting with instruction in this subject.

The work is in pleasant rural surroundings and the posts carry good salaries.

Write, giving full details about yourself and clearly stating which position you are seeking, to the Manager, Training and Personnel Division at 70 North Row, London, W1. (Would you also quote Ref. No. SE3 on both your letter and envelope, please.)

THE BRITISH TABULATING MACHINE CO. LTD

MANUFACTURERS OF HOLLERITH PUNCHED CARD AND ELECTRONIC DATA PROCESSING EQUIPMENT

CHERRY KNOWLE HOSPITAL
Ryhope, Nr Sunderland

SENIOR CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST (full-time) required at the above Mental Hospital. The post is a new one and the person appointed will be expected to organise and maintain a full psychological service for this hospital and its associated out-patients clinics. Opportunities for research may be available. Salary £1,050 per annum rising by 9 annual increments to £1,445. Applications giving names of two referees should be sent to the Group Secretary at the above address as soon as possible.

A SENIOR PRIVATE SECRETARY

is required

for a senior executive, to work near Cambridge. Candidates must be highly efficient secretaries and be able to organise the clerical work associated with a technical/scientific department. Two typing assistants will be provided. Ability to translate from German to English would be an advantage, but is not an essential qualification.

Conditions of work are excellent and the salary (which will be not less than £11 15s. a week) will be discussed at an interview. Candidates should write to CIBA (ARL) Limited, Duxford, Cambridge, giving full particulars of their experience and background.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY OF BELFAST

The Senate of the Queen's University of Belfast invites applications for a newly created Chair of Political Science. The appointment will date from 1 October 1959. Salary £2,600 plus FSSU. Applications should be received by 31 December 1958. Further particulars may be obtained from G. R. Cowie, MA, LLB, JP, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. Chair of Psychology. Applications are invited for the Chair of Psychology. The salary scale is £1,600 × £100 – £2,000 per annum. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance for a married man (at present £234 per annum). Applications should state age, qualifications and experience and research work completed or in progress and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application (with copies of testimonials) must be sent to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment and information about the work of the department should be obtained) by 15 January, 1959. A third copy of the application must be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

BBC requires Assistant in Religious Broadcasting Department in London. Duties will include planning and production of Religious services and programmes in Home Service, Light Programme and Network Three. Ordination to Anglican or Free Church ministries essential. Candidates should have good theological training and be ready to work with members of other denominations. Knowledge of church music useful. Age preferably between 28-40. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.902 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Current Affairs Talks Producer in London. Good education and lively interest in current thinking and events essential. Candidates should be well-informed on some special aspect of present-day affairs and an understanding of the problems of Current Affairs broadcasting is desirable. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.908 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires full-time Accompanist in Glasgow. Duties include performances of any description as required on the pianoforte, or on any keyboard instrument on which selected candidate may be proficient - playing orchestral keyboard parts, chamber music, interludes, fill-ups, solo recitals or performances aggregating less than twelve minutes in the course of a single programme. Qualifications: professional training, wide experience in accompanying work. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher, if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.907 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC. The North Region of the BBC wishes to enlarge its pool of interviewers and commentators for Sound and TV Programmes emanating from the Manchester and Leeds Studios. Applications for auditions are requested from men and women with a high general standard of education and a wide range of interests. Previous experience of Radio or TV work is not essential, but applicants will be expected to show a natural ability in this field. A good speaking voice, pleasing personality and appearance will be taken into account in making a final selection. Applications, in writing only, should be addressed to: The Programme Services Assistant, BBC Television, Broadcasting House, Piccadilly, Manchester, 1.

OXFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Applications are invited from persons possessing a Mental Health Certificate for the post of Senior Psychiatric Social Worker for the Oxfordshire Child Guidance clinics based on six centres and a hostel for maladjusted children. The post offers opportunities for intensive case work. An interest in running seminars with other social workers and in helping to develop a mental health preventive service among the parents of young families would be an advantage. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with the Whitley Council Scales (£700 × £25 – £775 × £30 – £925). Previous experience will be taken into account in fixing the starting point on the scale. The successful applicant will be required to provide a car for which an allowance in accordance with the Council's scale will be paid. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, accompanied by two testimonials and the names and addresses of two referees should be sent to the Director of Education, County Offices, New Rd., Oxford, within three weeks of this advertisement.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE London County Council invites applications for appointment as Deputy Children's Officer. This is a new position intended to relieve the Children's Officer of some of the administrative side of the work of the department, including casework. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience within scale £1,950 × £100 – £2,250 a year. The position is permanent and pensionable. The person selected will be required: (i) to co-ordinate the administrative work of the department as a whole and to see that all the department's activities are carried in the proper casework perspective; (ii) to ensure that proper support is given to and proper control exercised over the development of the department's casework, which it is proposed to expand; (iii) to advise on the development of child-care policy from an administrative point of view in the light of statistical trends, etc.; and (iv) to develop a close liaison with other departments of the Council engaged in related work. Further particulars and application form (to be returned by Monday, 29 December, 1958) obtainable from Clerk of the Council (CL/G), County Hall, London, SE1 (2410).

EAST Ham County Borough. Applications are invited for appointment as Child Therapist for up to eight sessions weekly. Salary Scale pro rata to Soulbury Scale II for Education Psychologists for six or more sessions or £2 10s. per session for five or fewer sessions. Forms of application (returnable as soon as possible) obtainable from Chief Education Officer, Town Hall Annexe, Barking Road, East Ham, E6.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Psychiatric Social Workers for both pre- and after-care in Community Care Service, in East Division, Tottenham & West Division, Yiewsley. Good office accomm. & clerical assistance available. Position offers scope & interest in this field of psychiatric social work. PTA quals & salary. Established, subject to medical assessment & prescribed conditions. Car allowance payable. Apply giving full particulars & two referees to County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen St, SW1, by 28 December. Canvassing disqualifies.

WELFARE Visitors required by Middlesex County Council in N. Middx for services to severely handicapped persons (other than blind). Salary (if 26 or over) Apt. I £605-£755 p.a. or Misc. III £535-£595 p.a. Commencing salary within scale according to quals, exper., etc. Pensionable subject to medical assessment and prescribed conditions. For further partics apply to Chief Welfare Officer, 1 Queen Anne Bldgs, Dartmouth St, SW1 by 15 December. Canvassing disqualifies.

ST JOHN'S & Manor House Hospital Management Committee. St John's Hospital, Stone, nr Aylesbury, Bucks. Applications are invited for the post of a Medical Secretary at this Mental Hospital. Salary (Grade B) £395 at 23 years, rising by annual increments to a maximum of £546 p.a. Commencing salary can be increased according to experience and proficiency. Previous experience in Medical Secretarial work not essential, but applicants should be proficient shorthand typists with experience in general office routine. Applications, with two names for reference, should be forwarded to the Physician Superintendent at the Hospital.

PADDINGTON Group Hospital Management Committee, Harrow Road, W9. Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Assistant in the Central Administrative Offices. Higher Clerical Grade £575-£735 per annum. Competent female shorthand/typist required with sound secretarial and administrative experience, able to act as Personal Assistant to Group Secretary. Applications, stating age, experience and qualifications, with names and addresses of two referees, to be submitted to The Secretary, Paddington Group Hospital Management Ctte, Harrow Road, W9, by 8 Dec., 1958.

HAMPSTEAD. Expd kindergarten Mistress. Int. in independent responsible work (pref. Froebel). Recog. Burnham Scale. St Mary's Town & Country School, Eton Av., NW3.

TEACHER wanted for small group of 13 year old boys & girls. Must be keen & able to get on with adolescents. Box 4792.

WANTED. Man to teach maths and woman to assist with kindergarten and house-mothering in small, friendly pioneering progressive school. Salary (with all-year residence) below Burnham Scale but adequate. Single applications or married couple considered. Apply New Sherwood School, Worple Road, Epsom, Surrey.

CROYDON Boys' Club requires Leader, experienced, determined, able to revive old-established Centre in difficult district. Non-residential. Entry on scale £650 to £750 × £25 according to experience and qualifications. Superannuable. Application form and further information from R. O. Stratton, 8 Ridgemount Avenue, Coulsdon, Surrey.

FAMILY Planning Association offer paid part-time position for Organiser preferably based on Birmingham to cover West Midlands. Challenging work for woman with committee and organising experience interested in social services. Owner-driver an advantage, able to undertake some evening work. Conditions and application form from General Secretary, Family Planning Association, 64 Sloane Street, London, SW1.

WANTED, two girls to assist at Christmas. Woodlands Holiday Camp, Nr Sevenoaks, Kent.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TOTNES Constituency Labour Party invites applications for the post of full-time Secretary/Agent. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Forms of application can be obtained from Mrs G. Toner, 12 East End Terrace, Ashburton, Devon, to whom they should be returned not later than Monday, 5 Jan., 1959.

TECHNICAL Library and Information Bureau requires a Male Assistant, preferably 21-35 years. Knowledge of Chemistry, Physics, French & German necessary. Some acquaintance with biology useful. Good prospects, 5-day week, Staff Restaurant. Pension Scheme. Please apply to the Personnel Officer, Griffin & George, Ltd., Ealing Rd, Alperton, Middx.

JOURNALISM. Assistant Editor (25-30) wanted for well-known atomic energy magazine. A degree, or at least a good technical background, and some evidence of writing ability are essential. Above all, a sense of news value and a lively imagination are required for this interesting job. Full particulars to Editor, Nuclear Power, 3 Percy St, London, W1.

ASSISTANT to Research Officer. Typing essential, shorthand an asset. Must be able to handle figures; experience of economic and statistical research an advantage. Salary according to age and experience on the scale £9 11s. 6d. to £12 4s.; 5-day week, generous leave arrangements. Applications to Gen. Secretary, Society of Civil Servants, Palace Chambers, Bridge St, SW1.

A SPANISH Interpreter (male, pref. native) required for interesting appointment in leading London employment agency; good education, clerical experience. Typing essential. Write Box 4934.

MARKET Investigations Ltd. are expanding their fieldwork organisation and seek a woman executive in her twenties or thirties to be responsible for selection, training and supervision of full- and part-time investigators. At least one year's experience of market research interviewing is essential and candidates should have a high standard of education. The post is based on London but involves considerable travelling for which generous allowances are paid. Please write with full details to S. J. Orwell, Director, Market Investigation: Ltd., 1 & 2 Berners Street, W1.

THE Skinners' Company's School for Girls, Stamford Hill, London N16. (Voluntary Aided Grammar.) Wanted in January, a graduate mistress to share in the teaching of Mathematics throughout the school. Please apply to the headmistress enclosing copies of testimonials.

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes, Devon. Housemother required in January for boarding house unit of 15 boys and girls aged 9 to 12. General supervision during out-of school hours. Salary according to exper.

REQUIRED immediately - youth leader for open mixed club, Marylebone, three nights weekly - 30s. nightly - married man with experience preferred - refs essential. Write Sec., 38 Cumberland Mansions, W1.

TRAVEL Agency, West End, requires female clerk/typist with some shorthand, age 20-30, and records typist, age 20-30, capable of careful work. Hours 9-5 or 10-6 and alternate Saturday mornings. Some travel facils. Both jobs £9-£10 p. week. Box 4826.

WEST End Travel Agency requires assistant in Reservations Dept. Female, 20-25. Hours 10-6 and alternate Sats 9.30-1. £9-£10 p. week. Some travel facilities. Experience not essential, but work is exacting. Write age and details Box 4825.

ANGLO-French Town Twinning Organisation requires English Secretary in Paris Office. Competent typist, to be in sole charge of British Section correspondence. Starting salary 50,000 French Francs per month. Applications to Councillor Guy Moss, 21 Charnwood Road, Loughborough, Leics.

UNIVERSITY of London. Private secretary to Director of The Institute of Archæology. For details apply to: Sec., Institute of Archæology, 31/34 Gordon Sq, WC1.

SECRETARY, 20/21, intelligent & with literary interests, for publisher. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

PUBLISHER seeks secretary with shorthand-typing in German & English essential: knowledge of French great advantage. Box 4756.

A YOUNG bright girl requested in small Literary Agency. Typing and steno important. Interesting job. Write Box 4866.

COOK/Housekeeper to run a home, live as family. Son 9 yrs, father 37 yrs. Comf. modern home, four bedrooms, NW London. Woman with 1 child welcd. If not afraid of work, clean and efficient, write Box 4810.

YOUNG mother in Surrey village, 35 minutes Victoria, offers pleasant home and 30s. weekly to someone prepared to make breakfast for 4, children's tea (8 and 7), wash-up, baby-sit, iron and mend. Box 4730.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

TECHNICAL Writer, graduate, with wide experience in editing and designing good technical books and industrial publications, seeks free-lance or part-time work. Good knowledge of typography, illustration and production. Reliable references. Box 4797.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—cont. on p. 831

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

MA, experience of research, administration and teaching, desires part-time post. Box 4805.

ADAPTABLE secretary, University graduate, requires post, New Year, experienced commercial, educational, professional work. Interested literature, politics. Box 4758.

COMPETENT ex-secretary undertakes typewriting at home. Used to working from MSS. Suggestions welcomed. Box 4846.

SWISS girl – fluent English, German, French & Italian, sks position as translator, interpreter or secretary. Write Miss Maurer, 71 Kenilworth Avenue, Wimbledon, SW19.

YOUNG nursery assistant, excellent references, seeks position. Box 4868.

MABEL Eyles & Ptners. Sh./typing, translating, duplicatg, printing. MOU. 1701.

PERSONAL

MIDDLE-aged coloured amateur actress required for production of 'The Crucible'. Box 4858.

ANY artists interested seek, share studio accom. in/nr London? Box 4848.

COMMONWEALTH writer, 21, wants work. Anything anywhere consid. Box 4867.

ADVERTISER wishes to purchase freehold of small property (villa or flat) in Costa Brava. Approx. £1,000/£1,500 sterling available. Any legal offer considered. Box 4735.

ITALIAN lady grad. or student reqd for conversational lessons, pref. Sat. afternoons. 'Phone PUT. 2192 after 6 p.m.

PATRON(ESS) reqd for expanding educational organiz.; opportunity for cultured lady/gentleman of means & leisure. Box 4845.

ANYONE 25-45 interested lively cultural discussion group Midlands (Jewish), contact Box 4755.

YOUNG man seeks companion (male), evgs, wkends, Manchester area. Box 4719.

INCREASE your income by introducing Life Insurance. Generous terms. For details write Box 4619.

SPANISH Lessons, Translations by Hons Graduate Spanish teacher. MAC. 3838.

CONSULTANT. Human relations, commerce, industry. Avail. research assignments. Realistic, creative approach. Box 4782.

INTERPRET for foreign holidays. 3 LP records & 2 books. Only £3 post-free. French, Spanish, Italian & German. Free trial. No deposit. Visaphone Co., 10 Bayley Street, WC1. MUS. 7223.

GCE. 1 week's intensive revision course commencing 29 December, London. 'O' or 'A' Level Chemistry, Physics, Mathematics. Coaching in small groups by experienced University Honours Graduates. Telephone MEAdway 1028 or write Box 4311.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

TV Urgently Needs Scripts! Our Correspondence Course can teach you to earn big money this year. Personal coaching by top TV script writers. Prospectus from Dept 104, Television Writing School, 7 Harley Street, London, W1.

SAVILE-Row quality tailoring by monthly payments. Stanley Felce, 32 Maddox Street, W1. MAYfair 7194.

CONTEMPORARY Christmas Cards. Exclusive designs by Annigoni, Michael Ayrton, Henry Moore, John Piper, etc., etc., in aid of National Fund for Polio Research. Send foolscap s.a.e. for illustrated price list to Christmas Card Dept., NFPR Office, Well End, Bourne End, Bucks.

CAMERA Advice Centre specialises in developing of films by inspection, and quality enlarging. 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

CHINESE exquisite hand embroidered pillow cases. White 20×30in. Four for only 27s. Post 1s. 6d. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd (Dept 18), 1/3 Stoke Newington Rd, London, N16.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores, Ltd., 12 Marriotts Court, Manchester, 2, for our price list of our Surgical goods, etc.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Course & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also small contribution for board & lodg. & 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

IT is still worth enquiring whether I can finish a portrait for Christmas; ring MAI. 3200 early in the morning or, if I am not available, give WEL. 6655 a message to be telephoned to Anthony Panting as soon as possible.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

USA. We arrange domestic & Au Pair posts 1 year minimum. Personal interview preferred. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

PERSONAL—continued

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AFRICAN Christmas Cards to help the S.A. Institute of Race Relations. 6d. and 1s. 6d. each. Waterhouse, 2 Station Arcade, Swiss Cottage, London, NW6.

CHRISTMAS Party. Beatrice Webb Ho., Dorking (Abinger 404). £7 10s. for 24/29 Dec. Send £1 deposit to Manageress.

CHRISTMAS parties in England. There are a few guest vacancies for men on some of our Christmas parties. We also need two additional hosts and hostesses who can organise Christmas entertainments – all expenses and salary. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 8881.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

ACCOMMODATION for summer school or conference, 25 July to 1 Aug. 80 single and 10 double rooms with h. & c. and further dormitory accommodation for 30. Apply Bursar, Dartington Hall School, Totnes, S. Devon.

SOCIOLOGY, psychology, discussion, dancing, music, play-reading, writing, rambling – are you interested? Write Sec. (B), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

YOUNGSTERS' (8 to 18) Country House Party. Ponies to ride and Pantomimes to see, Dances, Fancy Dress, Square and Ballroom Dances; organised outings, from 17 December to 14 January. For particulars apply The Secretary, Parndon Hall, Harlow, Essex. Tel. Harlow 24511.

SPEAK Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Tel. Setogni, WEL. 7411/2, for details.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48A Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

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FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN 1586.

SHOULD incurable sufferers have the right to merciful release? Write Euthanasia Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

HOMOSEXUAL Law Reform Society, which has been said to have 'the most distinguished Honorary Committee of any cause', welcomes help from all who support its aims. Details from The Secretary, Room 29, 32 Shaftesbury Ave, London, W1.

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS

MONEY short? For presents that are different, at bargain prices, try the Hampstead Daily Worker Bazaar, Finchley Road Baths, Saturday, 13 December, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission: threepence.

DISCURIO has just compiled the most fabulous Christmas gift list for music lovers—200 suggestions from a Penguin score at half a crown to a complete Stereosound outfit at 69 gns; records, hi-fi, musical instruments, books, autographs, etc. 9 Shepherd St, Shepherd Market, W1. HYDe Park 6939.

CHELSEA Pottery is world-famous and visitors are invited to see the unique pieces, Ceramic gift ware, sculpture & interior & exterior decorative architectural features. 13-15 Radnor Walk, SW3. FLA. 1366.

1955, 1953 and 1952 Clarets and Burgundies. We have a very large and carefully shipped range. We can send you a pleasant wine from 6s. 6d. to 37s. 6d. a bottle. Please send card for 36-page price list. – Paten & Co., Dept S, Long Causeway, Peterborough.

IDEAL Christmas Gifts. Mod. prices. Hand-embroidered, Italian style tablecloths, luncheon sets, handkerchiefs, blouses, bed-jackets, slips, etc. WIM. 9485.

ABBATT Toyshop. Worthwhile toys make the best Christmas presents. Write for catalogue. Dept. NS, 94 Wimpole Street, W1.

ART Lovers Calendar: twelve paintings reproduced in full colour. 9s. 6d. from all stationers or 10s. 2d. by post from Jarrold and Sons, Ltd, Norwich.

AS played in Boston, Brixton and the Balkans – Lodge: intriguing 3-dimensional black and white cube game for two, 13s. 6d. plus 1s. 6d. post or rules free from Juxta Games, 15 Southernhay Ave., Bristol 8.

BETTY Hope's Unique Boutique, 19 Beauchamp Place, SW3, for attractive & useable presents. S.a.e. for illustrated list.

NEW Curtains for Christmas. Hand-finished, lined or unlined velour curtains delivered second week in December to any address in United Kingdom. Please state colours and lengths reqd when writing for free patterns. Camerons, 25 Wormwood St, London, EC2.

ITALIAN Mosaic Kits from 9s. 11d. Visit or write. The Mosaic Centre, 6 Portman Mews South, Portman Street, London, W1.

IDEAL gift. Delicious home-made fudge; choc., vanilla, 6s 6d per lb., p.f. Box 4718.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

CHRISTMAS/NEW YEAR SKI-ING PARTIES

You can still be included on some of our Winter Sports parties in Austria or Switzerland. Dep. 20 & 27 December and 1 January. Costs from £26 17s.

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London, SW7.
KEN. 0911 & 8881.

SEE Britain by Canal. 2/8-berth cruisers for hire. Brochure 1959 now ready. Wyvern Shipping Co., Leighton Buzzard.

FOOD AND DRINK

GREEK Rest, White Tower, 1 Percy St, W1. MUSeum 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

ANGELA and Bob's anniversary next week. Must send them half a dozen bottles of that splendid El Cid Sherry. That's the light Amontillado they're sure to appreciate.

SCHOOLS

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship – Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'THE Coal Crisis and the Miner', by Will Paynter; 'Memories of the Reichstag Fire Trial', by D. N. Prit, QC; 'Plain Words on Tests', by Quaestor. In Labour Monthly, post free 1s 8d, or 9s half-yearly from Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

RUSSIAN Lending Library – 10,000 volumes, current periodicals: general literature, fiction, science, language. Postal borrowing for country members. Apply details to Sec., SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8.

UN Grand Choix de cartes de Noël (texte en français ou en anglais) se trouve chez Hachette, 127 Regent Street, W1.

BOOKS bought and sold, English, German and French. M. Waterhouse, 2 Station Arcade, Swiss Cottage, NW6. PRI. 2585.

CHRISTMAS Catalogue now ready from Hampstead's High Hill Bookshop, 11 High Street, NW3. (HAM. 2218.)

BOOKS. Small collection for sale privately. List supplied. Box 4456.

BOOKS bought, Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

BETTER Books Ltd., 94 Charing Cross Road, WC2. Write for free Christmas catalogue. Special feature of Art Books.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

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A ROOM with a view, warm, attract., h. & c., all facs, nr tube, 52s 6d. HIL. 3751.

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LARGE, pleasant bed-sitting room in Hampstead for prof. man, share kit. and bathroom with 1 other tenant on same floor. 'Phone HAM. 3978, or partics from Box 4604.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave. NW3.

FLAT-Share Specialists – also furnished flats and rooms. Roy's Bureau, 40 Mortimer Street, W1. MUS. 0512.

HAMPSTEAD, nr Finchley Rd Tube. Newly dec. b/s. in flat, share b. & k. Mon.-Fri. only. £3 inc. heating. Box 4667.

YOUTH House International Community invites applications for residence from persons between 18 and 35. Write to the Secretary, 250 Camden Road, London, NW1.

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LARGE fully furn. room in spacious flat (Dulwich). Beaut. garden, all mod. cons., ckg facs. Suitable 1 or 2 pers. 50s. sgle, 60s. sharing. Artistic atmosphere. No. 3 passes door, trains to City & Vic. GIP. 6683 aft. 6.

RESTFUL flatlet, use piano in studio, for pt-time help to playwright, grad. linguist (French fluent, others useful). Coaching or non-res. arrgmt poss. Box 4839.

DOLLIS Hill (4 mins Bakerloo). Elderly gentleman offers 1 or 2 furn. rooms (together 3½ gns), use bath, kitchen. Suit mature prof. woman or couple fond garden & peace. 'Phone GUL. 7934.

REGENT'S Park. Bed-sitter & share of flat for business woman. £14 per calendar month. Box 4871.

FURN. b/s. prof. family's house available term time Mon./Fri. 25s. MOU. 0408.

BUSINESS girl offers share charm. flat, mag. view and garden, Upper Norwood. 2 bed-rooms, lnge, kit. & bthrm. 20 min. Victoria. Robinson, TEM. 0551, eve. LIV. 4784.

BRIGHT young lady, 26-ish, wanted complete foursome, spacious Hampstead s/c. flat. Own bedroom. Mod. rent. HAM. 5466.

MODEST room in bachelor flat, £1 5s. No colour bar. Box 4847.

ONE paying guest recd in ladies' quiet well-appointed house in beautiful Richmond. (16 mins Waterloo.) C.h., c.h.w., gdn. RIC. 0396 mrngs. Also furn. rms nr W. end.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG prof. couple (Socialist), baby May, some furn., no capital, seek flat/part house, Jan. Max. 4 gns. 1 or 2 rms, k. & b. Within 5 miles Waterloo essential. Box 4854.

TRAFFIC-weary City man and wife require s/c flat, 2-4 rooms, in or easy access EC. Box 4881.

YOUNG man, assistant-teacher (French) wants room London until July. Willing to give coaching to pay part of rent. Box 4799.

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A few houses for the discriminating will be available in this unique position. Delightful outlook over mature gardens.

Three Bedrooms. Two Reception Rooms. Secluded Patio. Garden and Garage. Electric Central Heating.

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OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

8 Dec. at 7.30 The Bartered Bride
10 Dec. at 7 Aida (in Italian)
12 Dec. at 7.30 Samson

THE ROYAL BALLET

9 Dec. at 7.30 Ondine
11 Dec. at 7.30 Les Patineurs
La Fête Etrange
Mam'zelle Angot
13 Dec. at 2 & 7.30 Mam'zelle Angot
La Fête Etrange
The Firebird
COV. 1066.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

Tel. TER. 1672. Evenings at 7.30

9, 11, 17 & 20 Dec. The Merry Widow
10 Dec. Il Seraglio
12, 16 & 18 Dec. Schwanda The Bagpiper
13 Dec. The Flying Dutchman
19 Dec. Hanzel & Gretel

OPERA Circle. Puccini Centenary. Talk by Mosco Carner. Illus. sung by Marie Collier, Elizabeth Crook, Elizabeth Helliawell, Johanna Peters, Edgar Evans, Jess Walters. At the piano: Valda Plucknett & Emanuel Young. At 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Sun. 7 Dec. 8 p.m. Dets: Mrs. Rosenfeld, WES. 7513.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu./Fri. 8, Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. 'The Devil Peter'. Members.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Intimate Revue 3-yr, fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 9th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for mems tkt & free mag.

TEMPO Theatre Club. BAY. 7196. 18 Chepstow Villas, W11. Method Wkshp in Machiavelli's 'Mandragola'. Fri. 5 Dec., 8 p.m., Sun. 7 Dec. 3 p.m. Def. last 3 perfs.

TH. Royal, E15. Mar. 5973. Lst. 2 wks. 8. S. 5 & 8. Brendan Behan's The Hostage.

TOWER. 7.30, 12, 13 (Mems. 14) Dec. 'The Lunatic View'. 18, 19, 20 Dec. 'The Queen and the Rebels'. CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). CAN. 3475 (before 6). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Mother Courage,' by Bertolt Brecht. Fri. Sat. Sn. 7.30. Mems.

CONCERTS

SUNDAY, 7 December, Royal Festival Hall, 7.30. Overture, Semiramis – Rossini; Piano Concerto No. 2 – Rachmaninoff; Symphonie Fantastique – Berlioz. London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Jascha Horenstein, soloist Gyorgy Sandor. 5s. to 21s. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

HAMPSTEAD Parish Church, Church Row, NW3. Sat., 6 December, at 8 p.m., Hampstead Choral Society presents 'Messiah' (Handel). Eileen Poulter, Alfred Deller, Gerald English, Owen Grundy, Charles Spinks, Ralph Downes. Goldsbrough Orchestra, cond. Martindale Sidwell. Programmes 6s. from members of the Society and at the Church on evg of the performance.

BETHLEHEM by Rutland Boughton. Stage production with Margaret Ritchie, full Chorus, Soloists & Orchestra, Mon. & Tues., 15 & 16 Dec., 7.30, St. Pancras Town Hall. Conductors: James Robertson (15 Dec.), Alan G. Melville (16 Dec.). Tkts: 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from Town Hall (TER. 7070) & St. Pancras Public Libraries.

YOUNG Artists' Orch., Cond. Gaspare Chiarelli, Kensington Town Hall, Mon., 8 Dec., 7.30. Schubert, Mendelssohn, Vivaldi, Rossini. 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. at door.

GUITAR Society Recital. Caxton Hall, Victoria St, SW1. Mon., 8 Dec., 8 p.m. 3s. 6d. at door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until 14 Dec.: Polish masterpiece 'Kanal'. (X.)

ROXY, BAY. 2345. Week c. 7 Dec. 7 days, Frank Sinatra, 'The Joker is Wild' A. John Payne, Jan Sterling, 'The Vanquished' U.

VICTORY for Socialism, Annual Dance, Queensway Hall, Queensway, W2. Saturday, 13 December, 7.30 to 11 p.m. Licensed Bar. Everybody welcome. Admission 4s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The Johnnie Ware Quartet playing Mainstream and Modern Jazz for Dancing, today, Sat. 6 December, 8-11 p.m. Mems 3s and their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, – The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

DISCURIO, London's fabulous new record and hi-fi shop in Shepherd Market, presents 'Black Music' – classical, folk, calypso, jazz, native instruments, carvings, etc. 20 November-12 December at 9 Shepherd Street, W1. HYDe Park 6939.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

PICTURE FOR CHRISTMAS
Enduring Old Masters; lovely, sunny Impressionists; sprightly Moderns; London's largest selection in reproduction. Framed, or unframed, they can make Christmas – yours or a friend's. Send a card for free catalogue or call at The Phœnix Picture Gallery, 38 William IV Street, London, WC2. (Hours: 9.30-6; Sats. till 1 o'clock.)

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Exhibition of 'Mille Gravures en Couleurs'. Hrs. 10-6 inc. Sats. Open until 10 Jan.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Paintings, Fusaro (first English exhibition). Line drawings, Mervyn Peake. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Christmas Present Exhibition: Small Pictures by English and French Artists.

ZWEMMER'S, Litchfield St, WC2. Bauchant, Buffet, Epstein, Matisse, Picasso, Raza, Sutherland, Underwood, Vlaminck.

GALLERY One (GER. 3529). Ceramics by Campavias. Paintings by Maurer.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Eugene Boudin Retrospective Exhibition in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. Adm. 2s. 6d. & 1s. Daily 10-5; Sats. 10-12.30.

GEORGE Stubbs: Rediscovered Anatomical Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 13 December. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Paolozzi – Sculpture. Until 31 December. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

PAINTINGS from The Urvater Collection, Brussels. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 14 December. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8, Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. XIX and XX Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. (Closing 6 Dec.)

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jackson Pollock, Retrospective 1912-1956. Extended to 14 December. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. 8-20 Dec., Frederick Palmer, Althea McNish, Victor Keeling. 10-6. 10-1 Saturday.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Water-colour Drawings by Alicia Boyle. Hrs 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Picture Fair 7. Buy a ticket for 15 gns. and win a Paolozzi. Closing date and draw 17 Dec. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closed Suns. Adm. free.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Sculpture by Meylan. Paintings by Munford. Till 13 December. Daily 10-6 except Sunday.

ST George's Gallery: The Sailing Boat Suite: 6 new relief & lino prints by Michael Rothenstein. Also gouache drawings, until 3 Jan. 7 Cork St, W1. REGent 3660.

LEICESTER Galleries' Exhibitions. Paintings by Ghika, Thelma Hulbert, Maxwell Armfield and Alexander Ballard. Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CYPRUS – SPECIAL MEETING AT CAXTON HALL

THURSDAY, 11 December, at 7 p.m.
Followed by Lobby of Parliament (9.15 p.m.)

In the Chair – Mrs. E. E. Williams (prominent Guildswoman). Speakers: – Sir Compton MacKenzie, Manuela Sykes (Liberal Party), Harry Knight (General Secretary of ASSET), Fenner Brockway, MP.

DROP THE MACMILLAN PLAN – NEGOTIATE WITH THE CYPRIOTS
Organised by the Movement for Colonial Freedom.

'TOLERANCE and World Religions'. The Rev. Dr Charles E. Raven, will deliver the Fifth Robert Waley Cohen Memorial Lecture at 5 p.m. 11 Dec. in Conference Hall, County Hall, Westminster Bridge, SE1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LEEDS

'Conviction' and the New Left:

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Thursday, 11 December, 7.30 p.m.

YMCA, Albion Place, Leeds.

ULR CLUB
JOHN REX: 'Bureaucracy in the Labour Movement'. The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. Mon. 8 December, 7.30. 2s. Members 1s.

ULR COMMITMENT IN PAINTING
Special viewing of Jackson Pollock Exhibition followed by discussion, Whitechapel Gallery (next to Aldgate Tube). Wed., 10 Dec., 7.15. Adm. 1s.

LONDON Schools Left Club, 12 Dec., 5.45, Stephen Spender: 'Poetry in the 20th Century', 7 Carlisle St, W1. Entrance 9d., members free. (School students only.)

ULR Tuesday Forum. Michael Foot, 'French Elections', Tues. 9 Dec., 1 p.m. at The Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

MALADJUSTMENT. – 2 lectures by G. M. Carstairs, MB, Ch.B, FRCP, and Richard Hauser, 3 p.m.: 'The Maladjusted Individual'. 5 p.m.: 'The Maladjusted Society': on Saturday, 6 December 1958, at Goldsmiths' College, SE14 (TID. 2266). Fee 1s. for each lecture. Tickets from the Warden, Goldsmiths' College, in adv. or at door.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Suns, 5 p.m., Swami Ghanananda: Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs., 11 Dec, 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: Fundamentals of Vedanta: (iv) What Happens After Death. Next lecture 15 Jan. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 'What is the matter with the Labour Party?' Desmond Donnelly. Wed. 10 Dec., Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd, WC1. 7.30. Vis. 2s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club regrets that many were unable to attend Doctor Zhivago Symposium, 28 Nov., owing to lack of space. All are invited to hear recording of Symposium on Wed., 10 Dec., 8 p.m., 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. Another Evening on Novels is proposed beginning 1959. Also at this address, Fri., 5 Dec., 8 p.m., K. M. Katkov: 'Bilibine's Sources of Inspiration' (slides). Fri. 12 Dec., 8 p.m., Prof. N. Gorodetsky: 'Questions of Russian Lit.' At 46 Ladbroke Grove, Sat., Sun., 6, 7 Dec., 3-7 p.m., Christmas Bazaar. Russian Folksongs, 6 p.m.–Vera Ossipova (sop.), Ivor Newton (piano). Russian buffet. Toys, books, antiques, etc.

FORUM 3: Jazz, Pop, Folk and Education. Spkrs. Brian Groombridge, A. L. Lloyd, Eric Hobsbawm, Johnny Dankworth. Films, Songs & Live Jazz. Sun., 7 Dec., 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Tickets 3s. 6d. National Film Theatre, SE1. WAT. 3232.

TALKS on the Theatre for Young People: 29 Dec., 'Larger than Life . . .'; 2 Jan., 'Television Theatre'; 5 Jan., 'The Method'; 7 January, Visit to Arts Theatre. Apply British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Square, W1.

SCR Talk: 'Soviet Architecture Today' – A. Ling, FRIBA, City Architect of Coventry, Tues. 9 December, 7.30 p.m., at 14 Kensington Sq., W8. Adm. 2s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Architecture: Hulme Chadwick, Americans in Shopping Centres. Chairman: Ellis Somake. Thurs. 11 December, 8.15. Mems 1s. 6d., guests 3s.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed., 10 Dec., 6.30 sharp: 'Truth & Love in Buddhism', Raghavan Iyer (Oxford). Also Theravada Study Class, Tue., 9 Dec., 6.30. Premises closed 18-31 Dec. Public Lectures begin again Wed., 7 Jan. with special lecture by F. Hungerleider (Vienna) on 'Conversations with Jungle-Bhikkhus'. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information TAT. 1313.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 7 December, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m., Virginia Flemming: 'Justice in the Family' (coffee after discn).

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Soc., 7.15, 7 Dec., Shari Kras: 'Fear of Freedom and Responsibility'. 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture. Fri. 12 Dec. 8.30 p.m. 'The Basic Obstacle to World Fellowship'. C. A. Winyard. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SPLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Sun., 11 a.m., 7 Dec. W. E. Swinton, PhD. 'The Limitations of Man'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert. 6.30 p.m.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public lecture, Sun., 7 Dec., 8 p.m. 'The Menace of Hypnotism'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on 'Declaration' and 'Conviction': a comparison, 20 Buckingham St WC2, 10 Dec 7.30.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 13 December at 6 p.m. M. César Santelli (Alliance Française): Le mal de la jeunesse d'aujourd'hui.

CONWAY Discussions, S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues., 7.15 p.m., 9 Dec. Ian Leslie, MA, 'The New Freedom for Parent and Child'.

YOGA – Prayer in Various Aspects. 7 Dec., 3 p.m. 2 Glenloch Rd, NW3.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. Applications are invited from experienced social workers, male and female, for places in the Mental Health Course, a one-year, full-time course commencing October 1959. Grants for fees and maintenance are available for suitable applicants. This training qualifies for psychiatric social work in Child Guidance Clinics, Mental Hospitals and Local Authority Mental Health Service. It is also valuable for all kinds of social workers who wish for further supervised casework experience in a psychiatric setting. Candidates must hold a Degree or Certificate in the Social Sciences, and have had practical training and full-time employment in social work. The minimum age for acceptance is 22 years, but preference is given to those between 24 and 35. Applications should be made as soon as possible and not later than 1 March (31 January 1959 for oversea applicants). Further particulars may be obtained from the Tutor, Mental Health Course, London School of Economics & Political Science, Houghton St, WC2, where the course will be held.

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